THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF JOHN ADOLPHUS, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALLINGHAM.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In our next a Portrait of MR. BRAHAM, *from an original Painting by Mr. C. Allingham.*

We are obliged to CASATOR (*Chester*) for his intimation.

We are happy to find that Q. Z. (*Hertford*) has not quite forgotten us.

The *Ode supposed as from Simonides to Anacreon*, and the *Imitation of an Ode by Monsieur Menage*, by J. F. W. (*Glasgow*) shall have a speedy insertion.

The Fragment by EUPHEBUS (*Liverpool*) possesses merit, but it resembles too many other compositions of a similar nature.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following articles, which shall have a place as soon as possible.

Ode to Time, inscribed to Miss Seward; by Miss HOLFORD (*Chester*).

Lines for Valentine's Day.

Sonnet to Cupid, by ELIZA.

Another Elegy on Dermody the Poet.

Continuation of a *Tour in South Wales*, by MORTIMER (*Abergavenny*).

Inscription for a Pillar in Carthage, by the same.

Lines, by T. GENT.

The *Essay on Solitude* has been mislaid. It is now recovered, and shall be attended to.

CIVIS appears in the present number.

LORENZO puts a question which it is not in our power to resolve.

The author of the article mentioned by Miss H****** did not proceed further with it. If Miss H. will bring it to a close we should consider ourselves under a particular obligation to her.

ERRATA IN NUMBER 86.

P. 384, read thus 8 H. 42′ 30″ Eq. T. 8 H. 58′ 37″ 8‴ Appt. T. End of Transit at Troston 11 H. 40′ Eq. T. 0 H. 1′ Appt. T.

P. 373, for "prob savete," read "proh sancte."

ERRATUM IN THE LAST NUMBER.

In the Sonnet, p. 47, for *lucent* read *tremulous*.

THE
MONTHLY MIRROR,
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

JOHN ADOLPHUS, ESQ.

With a Portrait.

MR. ADOLPHUS is a native of the metropolis, and received the rudiments of classical learning from an eminent and successful schoolmaster near town.

At an early period of life he was destined to an official situation in the island of Saint Christopher, in the West Indies, where he resided a year; but finding the climate did not agree with his health, he returned to his native land.

In pursuance of the will of a near relation, who died during his absence, and left a handsome legacy for that purpose, Mr. Adolphus, as soon as his health was re-established, articled himself to a very eminent solicitor in the temple, and, in the intervals of business, still pursued those studies which he had never intermitted, and for which he felt the warmest attachment.

In 1790, he was admitted an attorney and solicitor; but as he could never adopt the mode of conduct which so many have found beneficial, he did not succeed in what is called *making a business*. He never was very extensively employed, though always well known and respected in the courts.

In 1793, Mr. Adolphus formed a matrimonial alliance with a young lady named Leycester, whose parents resided at a beautiful seat, called White Place, in Berkshire. Her father's family is of the highest respectability in Cheshire, and her mother is of the house of Hanmer, so well known in the annals of politics and literature.

Becoming more domestic in consequence of this connexion, Mr. Adolphus soon began to think of turning his literary acquirements to advantage, and for some time continued publishing anonymously, nor could the success of several of his early works, ever induce him to avow them, except to a few friends.

In 1797, he became acquainted with the Rev. Wm. Coxe, the celebrated traveller and historian, a gentleman whose rare literary endowments are considered as his slightest recommendation, by those who have opportunities of appreciating the candour of his disposition, and the genuine goodness of his heart. Mr. Adolphus assisted him in preparing for the press the valuable memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, and was highly gratified by a polite acknowledgment in the preface of the benefits derived from his care and industry. Aided by Mr. Coxe's experience, and receiving continual advantages from his friendship, Mr. Adolphus ventured, in 1799, to publish, with his name prefixed, a work which he had long been preparing, under the title of "Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution."

This book was dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable William Windham, and its success and general estimation were highly beneficial to the reputation of the author. He was next employed by Messrs. Cadell and Davies the booksellers who had printed several of his works, in preparing a history of the reign of His present Majesty, and completed the narrative to the peace of 1783, in about three years, publishing it in the summer of 1802.

We know of no other avowed production of Mr. Adolphus, except a slight work called the "British Cabinet," which contains a few heads published by an engraver, and for whom Mr. Adolphus wrote the biographical memoirs, without selecting the subjects, or seeking for any documents beyond those which the most ordinary resources could supply.

Mr. Adolphus has now renounced the profession of an attorney, and entered his name as a law-student, intending to be called to the bar. In the mean time, his literary talents are not neglected; he is concerned in conducting a most respectable and long-established periodical work, and is expected soon to publish a concise history of France, from the revolution to the peace of Amiens. All his researches are, however, subservient to the grand object of his literary ambition, the publication of a history of his own country, from the revolution in 1688 to the present time, a project which he often mentions with great enthusiasm.

THE INDIAN SAVAGE.

In one of our late wars, a company of Indian savages defeated an English detachment. The conquered could not escape so swiftly as the conquerors pursued. They were taken and treated with such barbarity, as is hardly to be equalled even in these savage countries.

A young English officer being pursued by two savages, who approached him with uplifted hatchets, and seeing that death was inevitable, determined to sell his life dearly. At this instant, an old savage, armed with a bow, was preparing to pierce his heart with an arrow; but scarcely had he assumed that posture, when he suddenly let fall his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and his barbarian combatants, who instantly retired with respect.

The old Indian took the Englishman by the hand, dispelled all his fears, by his caresses, and conducted him to his cabin, where he always treated him with that tenderness which cannot be affected. He was less his master than his companion; taught him the Indian language, and made the rude acts of that country familiar to him. They lived contentedly together, and one thing only disturbed the young Englishman's tranquillity; the old man would sometimes fix his eyes on him, and, while he surveyed him attentively, tears fell in torrents from his eyes.

On the return of spring, however, they recommenced hostilities, and every one appeared in arms. The old man had yet strength sufficient enough to support the toils of war, and set off with the rest, accompanied by his prisoner. The Indians having marched above two hundred leagues through forests, at last arrived on the borders of a plain, where they discovered the English camp.

The old savage, observing the young man's countenance, shewed him the English camp. 'There are thy brethren,' said he to him, 'waiting to fight us. Be attentive. I have saved thy life. I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow, and arrows; to surprise an enemy in the forest, to manage the hatchet, and to carry off a scalp. What wast thou, when I first conducted thee into my cabin? Thy hands were like those of a child; they served neither to support nor defend thee: thy soul was buried in the obscurity of night; you knew nothing; but from me you have learned every thing. Wilt thou be so ungrateful, with a view to reconcile yourself to your brethren, as to lift up the hatchet against us?'

The young Englishman protested, that he would rather a thou-

sand times lose his own life, than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends.

The old savage covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head. After having been some time in that posture, he looked on the young Englishman, and said to him, in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief: 'Hast thou a father?'—'He was living,' said the young man, 'when I quitted my country.'—'Oh! how unfortunate is he!' cried the old man; and, after a moment's silence, he added, 'Knowest thou that I have been a father? I am no more such! I saw my son fall in battle; he fought by my side; my son fell covered with wounds, and died like a man! but I revenged his death, yes, I revenged it.'

He pronounced these words in great agitation; his whole body trembled, and sighs and groans, which with difficulty found their way, almost suffocated him; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his sighs could not find a passage from his heart. By degrees, he became more serene, and turning towards the east, where the sun was rising, he said to the young man: 'Seest thou that gilded heaven, which spreads abroad its resplendent light? Does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?'—'Yes,' said the Englishman, 'the sight adds new vigour to my heart.'—'Ah, thou happy man: but to me it affords no pleasure!' replied the savage, shedding a flood of tears. A moment afterwards, he shewed the young man a shrub in bloom; 'Seest thou that beautiful flower?' said he, 'hast thou pleasure in beholding it?'—'Yes, I have,' replied the young man. 'To me it no longer affords any,' answered the savage hastily, and then concluded with these words: 'Begone, hasten to thy own country, that thy father may have pleasure in beholding the rising sun, and the flowers of the spring.'

THE CENTURY.

The Question of the Century is now well, and fully settled. It may not be amiss, however, to observe, that Bayle, in his admirable Dictionary, has given an incidental judgment on it, Art. *Breauté*, an article which contains an account of a combat more remarkable than any since the days of the Horatii and Curiatii. He says of the year 1600 agreeably to the sentiments I exprest when the question was still agitated; he says, the year 1600 was the last, and not the first of the century. L' An. 1600 fut le dernier & non le premier du siecle. p. 693. Ed. Rot. Fol. Anno 1702.

C. L.

MEN OF BUSINESS.

THERE cannot be a more respectable character than a real man of business, who, after arranging and managing his own domestic concerns in the most regular manner, gives great part of his leisure to the affairs of the public, according to the station of life in which he is placed, and whose whole conduct forms a system of active benevolence.

But there is a species of pinchbeck men of business, whose character is as despicable as that of the other is respectable. I mean that description of persons who neglects his private concerns, and all the serious business of life, as well as the social enjoyments of it, to render himself insignificantly consequential by his public exertions. Such a man, if he is a country gentleman, never misses a *petty session, or a turnpike meeting. He establishes the rules of the bowling club, casts up and divides the reckoning after dinner, and is master of the ceremonies at the assembly. He is on every committee appointed by the quarter session, either to examine the treasurer's accounts, or see no extravagant charge is made for the dinner of the magistrates; and he has generally some scheme, either of absurd or frivolous tendency, to submit to the consideration of the court.

If this busy gentleman is a member of parliament, he never takes any part in the great business of the nation, but is sure to be on every committee up stairs, and is very fond of meddling with things of provincial concern, whether they are turnpike, canal, or enclosing bills. He is fond of suggesting absurd and oppressive taxes to the minister, but which, from being both impracticable and unproductive, are never adopted.

To be candid, however, we must allow that these persons are sometimes of use; but so are many others who follow pursuits which no man of a liberal mind would wish to engage in himself.

These persons, however, especially if of consequence from their situation, are often very pernicious to society; and the public has more than once been put to an enormous expence, as well as great

* It is remarkable, that though many acts of parliament direct certain things to be done at a petty session, neither the common nor the statute law has defined what a petty session is. It is intended here to signify the periodic and self-established meeting of the neighbouring magistrates at an inn in a market-town, and to which, though a very unstable, I had almost said illegal, court, these acts must refer.

inconvenience, to flatter their vanity and raise their self-opinion. A scheme of this sort we all remember introduced into parliament not many years ago, for the regulation of the poor laws, at the instance of a gentleman who was undoubtedly actuated by very pure, though very mistaken, motives of benevolence; and which was attended by a great profusion of the public money. While this measure was depending in the house of commons, a member of that assembly observed, that it had two defects, and one merit; that the defects were an increase of the expence and inconvenience of the old system, and an entire subversion of the British constitution; and its merit was, the absolute impossibility of its ever being carried into execution.

Neither are the schemes of these idly busy persons employed in public exertions only. They are to be seen among the foolish meddlers in gardening and agriculture. Nor are the ladies exempt from this propensity, as the domestic concern of many a female economist will shew. But no where is it of so frequent or so fatal tendency as in the army. Wanton changes in dress, and the minutiæ of discipline, ruin the subaltern, and disgust the soldier; and in the more essential points of military duty they may bring destruction on the state. H. J. P.

CHATTERTON.

THE late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that had been just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him, in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.—Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—" My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution—I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined——we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection; but what will not melancholy and adversity combined, subjugate? In three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth was no more!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

JAMES COBB, ESQ.

With a Portrait.

[Concluded from Page 8.]

THE Pirates, Mr. Cobb's next performance, abounding with sublime chorusses and beautiful airs, was a most successful *enterprize* at the King's theatre in 1793, during the company's secession from old Drury, which was then rebuilding.*

In 1794, Mr. Sheridan was assisted by Mr. Cobb in celebrating the glorious first of June; and of their success, the receipts of the theatre will bear sufficient testimony. The songs were written by Lord Mulgrave, the late Duke of Leeds, &c. &c.

The same season the CHEROKEE (since altered, for Mrs. Billington, to Algonah) again exhibited the wonderful talents of Stephen Storace. The chorusses in particular have been justly deemed the chef d'œuvre of that great master.

In 1796, the farce of the SHEPHERDESS of CHEAPSIDE, again bore witness how little dependence was to be placed upon green-room report. Its author, however, never pinned his dramatic faith upon the sleeve of his heroine, who, though supported by Miss Pope, lingered out a night or two, literally damn'd with *faint* applause.

In 1798, Mr. Cobb, no doubt for weighty reasons, listened to overtures from Mr. Harris, and RAMAH DROOG was the consequence of this operatic coalition.

In his early pieces, Mr. Cobb depended on mere comic effect. It remained for Paul and Virginia, his last performance at this theatre, to shew what he could do in the pathetic. His return to his old friends at Drury Lane, is the best feather in the cap of SHERIDAN, who, if he had not acted liberally, might have been forgiven, but would never have obtained the confidence or the hand of an avowed man of business.

* The performances at the King's Theatre were introduced by a whimsical prelude, written by Mr. Cobb, entitled POOR OLD DRURY.

The "House to be Sold" is so fresh in the recollection of our readers, that we have only to notice the neatness of its language, and the prettiness of its music by Kelly, the friend, and the admirer of Storace.

In describing the achievements of heroes and statesmen, the historic MIRROR too often is made to reflect a flattering resemblance. Happy is it when the even tenor of life renders the task subservient to truth; and that, in speaking *all* we know, not a possible chance can occur of "setting down aught in MALICE."

A singular and eccentric city friend of the writer, had often, in the earnestness of his commercial pursuits, most devoutly offered up his thanks to providence, that he was not born a genius; but Mr. COBB has never yet, we believe, had any real cause to regret the possession of talents which have rendered him dear to the dramatic and convivial circles in which he has moved, and which have raised him deservedly high in the estimation of the public.

We find instances, too often, where the "poet's eye glances" on every thing but the concerns of common life. Mr. COBB has wisely steered clear of a rock on which so many of his contemporaries have struck. In no one instance has his devotion to the scenic sisters interfered with that which he owed to his liberal employers, the East India Company. In truth, his present respectable situation of Assistant Secretary affords the most convincing proof of the assertion. Such rewards we sincerely hope will ever be the meed of strict honour, accompanied by unremitting diligence and zeal. Pleasurable as it is to dwell on acknowledged merit, our limited pages oblige us to be brief. We shall conclude, therefore, with observing that, however critics may have been divided upon his public merits, on those of his private life there can be but one opinion.

Mr. COBB, in the year 1799, ensured his domestic happiness, by leading to the altar MISS STANFELL, of Fratton, in Hampshire, who has, in various instances, discovered a happy talent for music and poetry.

New Inn. W. D.

THE ELECTORS.

FRAGMENT OF AN "ANTIENT PROPHECIE,"

Supposed to be about this Time fulfilling."

[MR. EDITOR,

The dispute respecting the legality of the late elections having not yet been completely decided, this "Fragment," just drawn from the obscure archives of a poet's library, might not, perhaps, afford an improper idea of the *promises* and *performances* of candidates in general, nor be produced too late to attract some degree of attention, if you deem it worthy of a place in the MIRROR.

W. H.]

* * * * AND beholde! in those daies, itt shal comme to passe, that the nobles of the lande shall aspire to places of dignitie and honour. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — And the great menne shal walke with the porter, and shake handes with the stranger; and they shal visit the houses of the poore and the despised, and shal salute their wives, and their daughters, and caress their young menne and their maides. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — And the streets shal flow with wine and oile, and the soundes of mirth and musick shal be hearde in every quarter. And the needy, and the miserable shal forget their troubles, and the blind and the lame, and the maimed and the halte, shall laugh, and sing, and daunce together. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — And beholde! the nobles and the elders, shal assemble in the publick places, and att the gates of the city, and shal speake aloude unto the people, saying,

"If you will hearken to our wordes, and choose us to rule over you, wee will build up your waste places, and repair your breaches, and erect bridges, and towers, and fortifications, and promote trade and commerce in all itt's bra nches: And we will strengthen your handes, in whatsoever y ou shal undertake ——and we will exalt your sons and your daughters ——and we will give you the blessings of peace, and fill you with the flower of the finest wheat, and eache manne shall repose in safetie under his owne vine, and under his owne figg-tree.—And we will doe justice and judgement, and exe-

cute righteousness.—And ye shal have rest rounde aboute from all your enemies.

Your complaints we will prefer to the throne, and, in establishing your rights, and your happiness, we will forgoe oure own.—And in the morning, and in the evening, when we rise up, and when we lie downe, we will think on you for good.—And oure fortunes and oure *lives* shall be in your handes, and we will pledge oure honours to become your faithfull servants and *slaves*: Soe Godde be witness betweene you and us!

And the people shal sette up a loude shoute, and say—"Long live these menne, for they are goode menne, and true; and, verily, wee will choose none other to reign over us!"

Then shall the nobles, and the lordes, and the elders, rise up, and goe their waie, well satisfied.—And beholde! they shall forgett all that they have promised!—And even those, from whose favour and loveing kindness they rose, shal be thought upon no more! And they shall return to their former abominations!—And *seven yeares* more shall the lande mourn! — — — — — —

IDLE HOURS.

Number IV.

"She who builds her hopes i' th' air of *men's fair looks*,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with ev'ry nod to tumble down,
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Shakespeare.

Having been honoured with the following letter from a lady, I have taken the liberty of inserting it, and have subjoined a few remarks by way of reply.

TO THE AUTHOR OF IDLE HOURS.

"Sir,

"I hope you will excuse the impatience of a female, who is besieged by a crowd of admirers, and whose choice is bandied about from one object to another, as the novelty of address, or charm of persuasion may prevail; and as the general modes of wooing are but refinements on the art of idling, I hope you will not think it foreign to your purpose, to give us, in some future number, a few strictures on the art that may direct our choice, when the ascendancy of fortune

poises the grace of accomplishments, or when our opinion is held in the balance of contending virtues, where, as either preponderates, pity throws her mite to the unsuccessful, and the equilibrium is restored.

"Yours, with much respect,

"MELISSA."

I am no adept in the *doux yeux*, and am esteemed by the ladies to be a most graceless figure in a ball room, and intolerable in picking up a fan, or tendering my assistance at a gutter. But all this may be for want of proper discipline, and sufficient practice. The clown, in his first imitation of a bow, has no other notion of bending his body, than making the trunk form a right angle with the subjacent parts. The graceful curvatures, and slight inflexions, are the qualifications of more eminent wooers, who have nothing else to do, and who often can *do nothing else!*

But to the purpose of my paper. Wooers may be divided into four classes, viz. those who want women, those who want wives, those who want neither, and those who don't know what they want! To describe the various methods that these would set about *making love*, is too elaborate an undertaking for an idler. I shall therefore content myself with particularizing those lovers who give cause for suspicion, and leave Melissa, and all ladies in her distressing circumstances, with an assurance, that in rivalry there is often more pride than love at stake, and that it is difficult to estimate a man's attachment from the hyperbolical professions of love and adoration, that are expressed in the heat of opposing passions, which are untrue if they are uttered, and absurd if they are true. Love may be considered in two points—as a disease, and as a passion; as a disease it is the best antidote to itself, and as a passion, it ought with the other passions to be subject to the control of reason; when it is not, it is no longer a passion, but a disease. The first thing therefore that a lady has to determine upon, is, which of these her admirer is affected with, which requires no very eminent powers of discrimination, and which is quickly decided, unless both parties labour under the former complaint, and that, to bring them together, is the best, and perhaps the only way of bringing them to their senses. This, doubtless, is rank heterodoxy to the established modes of faith in the wooing tribe, but they will please to recollect, that this is an age of revolutions, and that Cupid's system, with all others, religious and political, is exposed to the probe of reason, and the shafts of scepticism. There were always infidels in love as well as religion, and true votaries of each in the present day are very scarce. Perhaps

the true art of wooing lies, (to use the words of the ingenious author of Hermsprong) in knowing how to "make love without talking about it." Among those who mean nothing by their addresses, is the smirking smooth-faced fribble, who is always poking his nose into your face, that you may perceive he has sweet breath, and whose features wear one perpetual grin, that you may conclude he is good humoured; who talks incessantly, which he supposes must be extremely entertaining, and after having screwed himself into twenty different attitudes, displaying the gracefulness of his movements, and the symmetry of his shape, leaves you to sigh in secret for his graces, and retires too much enamoured with himself, ever properly to estimate the worth of any body else. Beware of the man of business, who marries for the sake of getting a good house-keeper, instead of a companion; who wants a person to superintend his wardrobe, to smooth his linen, and to make his bed; the prime of whose life is prostituted to the accumulation of wealth, and whose decline glides silently away in a calm and peaceful stupidity. Suspect the man who talks much about the tenderness and attention due to the female character, and doubt him who vaunts his muscular strength, and sound constitution. Of all plagues, shun the pedant, who wooes you in flowery sentences, bores you with his opinion of books, and threatens to attack every work he reads. He is often the shade of an author, and the shadow of a man. Never marry a poet, unless you can bribe the reviewers to speak well of his verses; if you can do this, you need not wish for a pleasanter companion. Do not conclude the man to be generous, who is lavish in his presents. We are all of us best acquainted with our own weaknesses, and, like a skilful general, make up a shew of strength, where we are most vulnerable. Doubt the man's intellects as well as integrity, who is an open slanderer, that has neither the virtue to reform, nor the policy to disguise a bad taste; and believe not him who, with an affectation of candour, would extenuate all faults, in consideration of the weakness of human nature.

Never weigh money with merit, and be not too hasty in accepting of either, where there is *nothing else*. If you hesitate between virtues, decide in favour of the social ones. Of all lovers repel the officious one, who watches you like a lynx, haunts your favourite walks, and blockades your doors; his love is a thin, subtle fluid, that evaporates as it warms. Listen not to him for a second, he will fall in love three hundred and sixty five times in a year.

Wolverhampton, Jan 20. CIVIS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No VI.

THERE would not be any absolute necessity for *reserve*, if the world were honest: yet even *then* it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it is necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

VIRTUES, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants that will not bear too familiar approaches.

LET us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility that gave the occasion.

IT is a miserable thing to *love where* one *hates*—and yet this is not inconsistent.

THE reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty into company before he is admitted to take his chair.

THE highest character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

HAPPY those, who can shun all illiterate, though ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present,—and, upon reflection, painful. Happy, to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value, or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted. Happy, to partake of the delights of studious and rational retirement, with one amiable friend. Yet an eminent writer and moralist tells us, that were we so to be excluded from general society but for a fortnight, we should be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar we saw!

'TIS true that nothing displays a genius, I mean a *quickness* of genius, more than a *dispute*: as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre.—But the odds are much against the man of taste, in this particular.

IN all contests the guilty have the superiority, in *one* respect, over the innocent—for the guilty will make use of *base means* to attack, of which the innocent cannot avail themselves to repel.

A LARGE, branching, aged oak, is, perhaps, the most venerable of all inanimate objects. As a brave man is not suddenly either

elevated by prosperity, or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it on his first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches, and it presents to you the finest image of the manly character.

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of Admiral Hosier.

It is with me, in regard to the earth itself, as it is in regard to those who walk upon its surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as I walk along. But—I, insensibly, chuse to sit, where I cannot see two yards before me.

There are many people to whom one would allot good wishes, and perform friendly offices; but they are, sometimes, those with whom one would by no means wish to share one's *time*.

It is some loss of liberty to have a distant engagement. Every employment in the intervenient time seems to have manacles upon it.

It is a maxim with me to admit of an *easy reconciliation* with a person where offence proceeded from *no depravity of heart?* But where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge; to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at best invidious, and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit;—and it may be presumed it was from *hence* that Quin asserted *that he could not afford to go plain.*

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew and equipage, belonging to a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider *that he is breaking the ice for themselves.*

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves *deep* when they are exceedingly near the surface!—

Q. Z.

QUERY,

CONCERNING A

Passage in the Marriage Ceremony, stated and resolved.

In what sense are we to understand that declaration of the husband to his bride, "With my body I thee worship?"

The word worship, in ancient English, signifies neither more nor less, than that honour, attention, and respect, which are due to worth-ship, i. e. to distinguished excellence. The Church of England, taking it for granted that a man has a very high opinion of the woman he marries, enjoins him to testify that good opinion; and in such terms as are equivalent to a solemn promise of treating her tenderly and respectfully: or, as the apostle Peter expresses it, of giving honour to the wife, as to *ασθενες εςω σκευει*, the less robust vessel of the two. 1 Pet. iii. 7.

A late very sensible * writer supposes, agreeably to the venerable Hooker's comment on the phrase, that the design of the above stipulation is, "To express, that the woman, by virtue of this marriage, has a share in all the titles, and honours, which are due or belong to the person of her husband †." He also observes, that Martin Bucer, who lived at the very time when our liturgy was composed, translated the passage in question by *cum corpore meo te honoro*, i. e. "with my body I thee honour:" and that the learned Mr. Selden renders it *corpore meo te dignor*.—"It is true," adds Mr. Wheatly, "the modern sense of the word is [or rather seems] somewhat different: for which reason, at the review of our liturgy, after the restoration of king Charles II. the word worship was promised to be changed for that of honour. How the alteration came to be omitted, I cannot discover. But, so long as the old word is explained in the sense here given, one would think no objection could be urged against the using of it."

* Viz. Mr. Wheatly, in his Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer, p. 440. Edit. 1722. Octavo.

† See Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Book v. Sect. 73.

TOUR INTO SOUTH WALES.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SIR, *Caerphily, August* 5, 1802.

THE approach to Chepstow, from Bristol, is grand and picturesque. The castle is a most noble and beautiful ruin, overlooking the Wye, which runs impetuous at the foot of the rocks on which it is situated: on this side the castle was impregnable. Chepstow being formerly one of the grand bulwarks of the ancient Britons, it was of course a place of great strength, and occupied seven acres of ground. It is famous for being the property of the illustrious De Clare, Earl Strongbow, and was considered of great importance during the wars of Charles and his parliament. The walls facing the west are in good preservation, and exhibit a fine and beautiful picture. The room in which Colonel Martin was confined, and in which he spent twenty-seven years in repenting his former patriotism, is well proportioned, and commands a pleasing view of the river and woods which skirt the opposite shore. Exclusive of its antiquities the town of Chepstow presents little to detain the traveller; the scenes in its vicinity are, however, strikingly beautiful.

The castle and palace of Mathern, once the residence of the Bishops of Llandaff, being in our way, we lost some little time in examining their dilapidated state; we then proceeded towards the once celebrated Caerwent. The aqueducts, temples, porticoes, and baths, that once decorated Caerwent, and all those monuments of the arts which distinguished the residence of the excellent but unfortunate Agricola, are now sunk down to a most miserable and impoverished village. A mosaic pavement was here discovered in 1777, resembling in some measure a Turkey carpet, (as some tourist has observed) but the idleness of wanton cupidity has almost entirely destroyed this national relict of Roman elegance. Several pavements have since been discovered, but have all fallen a prey to the same childish desire of possessing some of the tesseræ. These tesselated floors must have been once numerous at Caerwent, as Camden mentions them in his Brittan. Silures. p. 509, edit. 1586.

I recollect seeing, some time ago, an ingenious comparison between a piece of Mosaic, and that of nature, exemplified in the wing of a butterfly. The comparison is ingenious, and adds a farther proof of the distance between the exertions of nature, and those of man. The following table exhibits the difference between the

pavement in Sussex, a modern Roman picture, and the wing of a butterfly.

The Sussex pavement contains 11 tesselæ in one inch square.
A Roman picture........... 870
The wing of a butterfly
expanded 100,736
Do. in its aurelia state 931,808

The road from hence to Caerleon winds through a most beautiful valley. High intersected hills, covered on each side with wood up to their summit, form a barrier to any distant prospect, except those casually caught at the division of the hills; the variety of the immediate scenes, however, amply recompensed us, and left us nothing to desire.

The ancient city of Caerleon, whose importance may be gathered from its titles—

Urbs legionum, et secunda Augusta—

is finely situated on the Usk, which divides it from a steep and woody hill on the south, and may be still recognized in an old and harmonious description.

It stands upon a forced hill
Not farre from flowing flood,
Where loe, ye view long vales at will,
Envyron'd all with wood.

It was once seven miles in circumference, and many curious remains of its former splendour existed in the twelfth century. It once, like Caerwent, possessed

Her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves.
Drayton, Polyolbion, Song 4.

And according to Gyraldus, its palaces fretted with gold, its edifices, theatres, and aqueducts, once vied with the magnificence of Rome itself. A fine passage in Shakspeare occurs in the contemplation of this city, one line of which I shall quote, in order to amend a passage which, in the editions I have seen (which by the bye are not many) have been neglected.

Leave not a *wrack* behind. *Tempest.*

The editions have *wreck*. *Wrack* means a *ruin*, which is certainly more to the purpose. He uses the word in Venus and Adonis, l. 558, the same sense, which confirms me in the above reading.*

* This expression has not escaped the numerous commentators on Shakspeare. ED.

I cannot bid adieu to Caerleon without calling to your remembrance the favourite of our childhood, the celebrated Arthur, a man, as William of Malmsbury justly says, worthy of being celebrated for upholding his declining country, and inspiring his subjects with military glory. His claim upon our regard, however, arises chiefly from his protection to learning and learned men. He certainly is worthy of being classed with Charlemagne and Alfred. Some of the laws of Arthur's round table are excellent, and it were to be wished that the second was oftener observed.

"That every knight should be ever ready to assail all tyrants and oppressors of the people."

Caerleon has given fine food for our antiquaries, and a piece of bell-metal (shewn us by a gentleman) about two feet in length, and eighteen inches in breadth, in the inside of which is carved DAVIDUS, will probably exercise them in addition to those mentioned by Camden and his improver.

It is highly fortunate for the world that Milton did not execute his design of celebrating Arthur as he once intended.

> Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
> Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ
> Brennûmque, Arviragûmque duces, priscûmque Belinum,
> Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
> Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
> Mendaces vultus assumtaque Gorlois arma,
> Merlini dolus.

Epitaphium Damonis, l. 162.

I may add, that we are equally fortunate in his not translating Homer, either of these would have been the cause of his relinquishing a subject "so worthy of being sung," and which

"Pleas'd him long chusing, and beginning late."

From Caerleon the country displays itself to great advantage, and we soon arrived at the town of Newport, pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, at the foot of which the Usk

> "Intrat et auget aquas Sabrini fluminis—
> "Præceps."

The castle is in a wretched condition: it was well situated for defending the mouth of the Usk, over which is thrown, after astonishing labour, expence, and time, a strong and well-built bridge. The Welch seem well aware of the advantages of navigable canals:

here is one reaching to *Pontypool, &c. and others at Swansea, Neath, and other places. An inhabitant told us, with an air of consequence, an anecdote sufficiently ludicrous, which I afterwards found in Camden, respecting Henry the Second's easy capture of this place, by his fortunately having a freckled face. My old friend Isaac Walton, in his elegant essay on angling, furnishes me with a curious anecdote respecting the salmon in this river.

The view from the church yard is very fine, and comprises almost every thing that is beautiful in landscape.

After pursuing the road to Cardiff, for about four miles, we turned to the right, and soon entered the enchanting valley of Machen. The Rhymny, which runs through this valley, divides Monmouth and Glamorgan: its banks are mostly decorated with pasture, while mountains, on the sides and at the feet of which the road meanders, shaded sometimes by wood, sometimes cultivated to their summits, and studded with white cottages and farm-houses, gives it an air of grandeur; while various animals creeping up their sides, give a finishing and enlivening touch to this profusely rich and delightful landscape. The quiet which reigns in this valley is interrupted, for some time, by nothing but the murmuring of the numerous rills which trickle down in every direction from the mountains, and send forth a most "bewitching music," till the iron forges at Machen awaken attention, and startle contemplation.

Passing two small waterfalls on the left, we passed over Bedway's bridge, and for the first time trod upon Welch ground. The grand towers of Caerphily soon struck us, and

——————seem'd to frown
In awful majesty on all around.

The extent of this castle was once immense, and exceeded every other in England, except Windsor. We approached by an old decayed draw-bridge, and were struck with wonder and delight at its awful and sublime appearance. The despicable Despenser here proved himself possessed of a courage and conduct, in the management of a siege, little expected, and in some measure retrieved the character he had so deservedly lost. A gentleman (an emigrant) who accompanied us from the inn, informed us, that this noble monument of decayed power resembles, in some measure, the fortress of Loches, in Turin. He had also visited the hanging tower at Pisa, his description of which lessened our pleasure in contem-

* Monmouthshire was one part of the principality.

plating the one before us, which is, however, a most remarkable object.

Caerphily is surrounded by a distant range of mountains, covered with villages, corn fields, and pasturage, and the last rays of the sun, as they tinged their summits, reminded me of the luxuriant descriptions of our female Salvator Rosa*. We were so long in searching every avenue, examining the eastern battlements, and climbing every accessible tower, that the moon, as we quitted them, was

rising in clouded majesty,
And o'er its towers its silver mantle threw.

The pencil of Giacomo Bassano could alone do justice to a scene so awfully beautiful and so mildly grand.

I shall write to you every evening after the toils and pleasures of the day.

MORTIMER.

THE TELL TALE.

"Trifles light as air."

THE SLUGGARD'S EXCUSE.—One asking a lazy young fellow what made him lie in bed so long? "I am busied," says he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, Sloth to lie still; and so they give me twenty reasons *pro* and *con*. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready."

THE BLESSING OF INDEPENDENCE.—A sovereign, in a progress through his kingdom, was informed, in one of his capital towns, of a singular fact, 'That one of the inhabitants, a man of seventy years old, had never been without the walls.' The man was called to the king, and, being poor, obtained a pension; but upon the following provision,—that he should forfeit his pension if ever he set foot out of town. But here, even custom could not prevail over love of liberty. The man did not continue long at ease; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

MACKLIN and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from *Irish*.

* Mrs. Radcliffe.

RICHARDSON, THE NOVELIST.

THE following character of that celebrated writer, whose novels, while they have been too much depreciated by some, have been much*, too much exalted by others, is selected from Greville's Maxims.

'There is a certain writer who produces perpetual paradoxes in my mind. I am at a loss whether he charms or offends me most; whether to call him the first of writers, or the last: and this one should think a difficulty also with other people, for he has written what has had merit enough to get into all hands, and defect enough to be thrown out of all; and it is his great praise—his honour—that he is condemned by sensible men, and applauded by weak women; for the first are often as ignorant of the power of the heart, as the others are of those of the understanding. He is in many particulars the most minute, fine, delicate observer of human nature I ever met with, the most refined and just in his sentiments; but he often carries that refinement into puerility, and that justness into tastelessness. He not only enters upon those beautiful and touching distinctions which the gross conceptions of most men are incapable of discerning, but he also falls upon all the trivial, silly circumstances of society, which can have only attractions for the nursery. This writer possesses infinite powers both of delicacy and reason; but he possesses not the judicious faculty of directing those powers. He is deficient in TASTE†. Hence he is irregular and false in his notions of the manners he treats of. He plainly shews that he has neither from nature nor education the kind of intelligence that should guide him in the pursuit he attempts. His understanding seems to be hampered and confined. It wants enlargement and freedom; or, to say all in one word, TASTE. His men of the world are strange debauchees, his women outrageously *outrés*, both in good and bad qualities. Parts there are, not only of the most refined, the most elevated, I had almost said the most celestial ‡ delicacy, but even of gaiety, ease, and agreeableness; but you see plainly the writer is not a master; deficiencies, stiffness, improprie-

* Among these may be reckoned Mrs. Piozzi, who has exceeded every stretch of hyperbolic partiality, in preferring Richardson to Fielding as a painter of manners.

† I think this vague metaphorical word very ill expresses that discriminating faculty, that mixture of genius and judgment which seems to be meant here, and which is the grand distinction between the writers who gain the applause of the moment and those whose productions command the veneration of ages.

‡ I must think this panegyric oversteps the modesty of truth.

ties, break in upon you at times, and shock you, and you grieve that he does not please you more, or less.'

The succeeding criticism from a graver writer, and in a learned language, relates to his first work only; first, in my opinion, in merit as well as time. I believe this preference that I give to Pamela, will be esteemed rather paradoxical. But notwithstanding some extravagancies and vulgarisms (among which may be reckoned the making Pamela, a young woman of superior understanding, and elegantly educated, often talk * like a mere country hoyden,) it contains an interesting picture of the manners of the great families in the country at that period, which are now totally changed by the more general influx to the metropolis, and the large fortunes made by commerce. As for those cried-up works, Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison, they seem to me to describe manners and incidents, that neither possess the probability of real life, nor the attractive surprise of fiction.

'Emissa est in lucem commentitia quædam adolescentulæ historia, a domino, spe, pretio, minis, terriculis, omnibusque illecebris amatoriis, ad stuprum solicitatæ. Laudo quidem castitatem puellæ, illibatam prorsus, et inexpugnabilem. Sed lectorem quoque haud mediocri esse præditum decet. Nam plenæ rerum dilucidæ descriptiones, quarum vel ipsa mentio libidinosa est, si virtutem non moveant solidam stabilemque, fragilem certe nihil roborant neque imbecillam†.'

From some of these remarks I differ, TOTO COELO. First, as to the ILLECEBRÆ AMATORIÆ, it is remarkable that Mr. B—— very seldom treats Pamela with common kindness, never with flattery and attention; and that in the very few instances he makes the slightest motion that way, it seems to have its full effect; and that, supposing Pamela a real character, from the expression of her feelings, when the conduct of her master has the least tendency towards kindness, there appears little doubt of his success had he pursued that method, the only one that could suggest itself to any but a brute. Then as to the DILUCIDÆ DESCRIPTIONES, though some of the situations are rather indelicate, they are not so detailed as to have much influence on the passions.

The greatest evil to be apprehended from Pamela is among servant girls; who, like poor Polly Barlow, while they are anxious to procure her good fortune, may imprudently mistake the means of obtaining it.

* Pamela records two of Sir Simon Darnford's jokes, that are more grossly indelicate than any thing I ever saw printed: one relates to Pamela's execution on the spinnet, the other to her dancing a minuet with Mr. B——.

† Hawkins's Prælectiones Poeticæ.

H. J.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D. D. F. R. S. E. late Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to His Majesty for Scotland. Read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Second Edition. 8vo. *pp.* 307. *London.* 1802.

THE study of *literary* biography, though for the most part unenlivened by diversity of incident, is productive of highly beneficial effects, by ascertaining the capability of the human mind, and rousing the dormant spirit of emulation.

We are indebted to the philosophical pen of Mr. Dugald Stewart for the interesting memoir now before us, as appears from the signature to a short advertisement, in which, after acknowledging his obligations to Mr. W. Robertson, (son of the Doctor) and Dr. Carlyle, he concludes thus:—"It is proper for me to add, that this memoir was read at different meetings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and was destined for a place in their transactions. The length to which it has extended suggested the idea of a separate publication, and the addition of an appendix. During the long interval which has elapsed since it was composed, a few sentences have been occasionally inserted, in which a reference is made to later criticisms on Dr. Robertson's writings. I mention this circumstance in order to account for some slight anachronisms."

Mr. Stewart has done the most ample justice to his subject, and though he may incur partial censure for the absence of sprightly anecdote and colloquial repartee, yet he has substituted a species of information far more interesting to men of letters, and conveyed through the medium of an appropriate style, highly distinguished by ease and copiousness of expression. He has fully compensated for the paucity of his materials relative to Dr. Robertson's juvenile years, by exhibiting the progress of his academical career, and unfolding the concatenation of circumstances which co-operated with his natural inclinations in fixing the bent of his genius.

The preceding detail naturally paves a way to the discussion of his literary plans and undertakings; and the ingenious biographer enters minutely into the consideration of his respective works, ac-

cording to the priority of their publication. In the execution of this task, all the scattered rays of information are concentrated (so speaking) into a focus. The extracts from congratulatory letters addressed to Dr. Robertson, by his numerous correspondents, including the names of Hume, H. Walpole, Gibbon, Burke, and others of the highest celebrity for birth or talents, are skilfully interwoven into the narrative, and, besides furnishing many dignified offerings at the shrine of genius, derive additional value when contemplated as "authentic relics of the individuals whose friendships they record."

To the elegant eulogiums just alluded to, Mr. Stewart has subjoined, "with the utmost diffidence," his own private sentiments, and sums up the whole with "general remarks on his merits as an historian," and a critical analysis of his style, displaying, in almost every instance, acuteness of penetration, and depth of erudition.

"Our attention has hitherto been confined to those pursuits which formed the habitual occupations of his mind, and which have left behind them unperishable monuments." His life, however, was not devoted wholly to the cultivation of letters. "Among the active scenes in which he had an opportunity to engage, the most conspicuous was presented to him by the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court of Scotland;" and his eminent abilities and prudent moderation secured to him, for a long course of years, an unrivalled influence in guiding its deliberations. A succinct view is given, by Dr. Geo. Hill, of the nature and constitution of this august assembly, and of the system of ecclesiastical policy adopted by Dr. Robertson.

The concluding summary of his character evinces much sagacity of remark, and strong powers of discrimination.

The appendix extends through nearly an hundred pages, and consists of a number of letters, and various other miscellaneous articles, too valuable to be omitted, and which could not with propriety have been incorporated with the body of the work.

A Walk through some of the Western Counties of England. By the Rev. Rich. Warner, of Bath. 8vo.

Mr. Warner in less than three weeks accomplished this pedestrian tour through the counties of Somerset and Devon, and along the eastern borders of Cornwall, from Kilkhampton to Launceston. His primary design, on leaving Bath, included the whole extent of Cornwall, and the Isles of Scilly: and every reader of the present

volume must deeply regret that he was compelled to abandon it by "the capriciousness of the season,* unlike any other in the annals of meterology."

Our author's forte is evidently picturesque description; he is gifted with a mind feelingly alive to the beauties of nature; a just perception of the principles on which purity of taste is founded, and a command of language fully adequate to the communication of his ideas. He is not always, however, sufficiently studious to avoid obscurity, and the recurrence of such phrases as "planting† a house or church," and "dropping‡ (from a hill) into a road," may be deemed unwarrantable extensions of figurative expression.

The topographical accounts of the principal towns are extremely scanty, and serve only to awaken curiosity, without satisfying the desire of information. Our author's attention is, indeed, obviously directed towards objects of greater importance, and of more general interest. His judicious political observations, and ingenious moral reflections, though scattered with a profuse hand, never appear obtrusive, and are the spontaneous effusions of a mind unshackled in its sentiments by servile adherence to any system of party opinions. His manner is extremely prepossessing, and his varied efforts are equally entitled to commendation, whether he indulges the playfulness of vivacity, or agitates the bosom of sensibility with

"A tale of rural life, a tale of woes."

The volume is handsomely printed, and embellished with two aquatinta views by Alken, of Berry Pomeroy castle and Culbone church, and engraved sketches of the author's route prefixed to each letter.

Plans, and Views in Perspective, with Descriptions of Buildings erected in England and Scotland: and also an Essay to elucidate the Grecian, Roman, and Gothic Architecture, acccompanied with Designs. By Robert Mitchell, Architect. Folio. 1801.

THE author of this elegant work was the designer and constructor of the rotunda in Leicester Square, wherein have been displayed several panoramic paintings, executed by the deceptive pencil of Mr. Barker. These novel exhibitions required a peculiar kind of theatre, where the spectator should embrace, from a central point, a circular horizon. This was happily effected by our architect in a pleasing and ingenious manner; but he did not rest here, as the painter wishing for a double exhibition, Mr. M. contrived a suspended platform and gallery above the lower picture; thus completing one of the most singular, yet simple, buildings in England.

* 1799-1800. † P. 54. ‡ P. 112.

"No sooner," observes Mr. Mitchell, "was the Rotunda in Leicester-square built, than views were exhibited with such striking effects, as attracted the general attention of the public, and which the exhibition of a succession of pictures have continued.

"Mr. Barker having employed the author of this work, in his profession of an architect, to give the designs, and superintend the execution of the building, enabled him to give a correct description.

"The rotunda in Leicester-square, in which the Panorama is exhibited, forms a circle, including the thickness of the walls, of ninety feet diameter: the wall to the ground from the roof, within the building, is fifty-seven feet.

"The roof is constructed in a very strong manner, to sustain such weight as was intended to be suspended from it. In the centre of the building is a pillar, round which the stages are formed, from which both the pictures are viewed.

"The rotunda is divided into two compartments, which are concentric circles: this contrivance gives a double exhibition, by presenting for view two distinct pictures, an invention that happily has produced the most beneficial effects, not merely in pecuniary advantage, but in having at all times a picture to exhibit whilst the other is painting. In examining the section, it will be found that the upper picture is suspended from the roof, for it would have been attended with a disagreeable effect to have supported it by props from below, which would have cut the sight in viewing the lower picture. As the circle of the upper picture is much less than the under, an advantage is attained, that the under picture, without interruption, can occupy, if requisite, almost the whole height of the sides of the building, the forming of two exhibitions in this manner, in the same building, without interrupting or communicating with each other, is an original invention, without a precedent."

We selected the above subject for our introductory remarks on this work, from its publicity, and in accordance with the plan of our Mirror, of reflecting public men and public things: but, by the title, it will be seen that this is but a small part of the work before us. The author has given several aquatinta prints, representative of different mansions erected from his drawings, among which are three, intended to display the external effects of the Grecian, Roman, and Gothic architecture. Judging from the plans, elevations, and descriptions, we conclude they possess some peculiar beauties and conveniences; but the most original and ingenious part of the work is the Essay on the three Styles of Architecture, specified in the title-page. This the author wishes may "be read with attention, and *particularly* what relates to the *Gothic*,* as it will be found

* This unmeaning misnomer is still adopted by our architects and antiquaries, in speaking of *ancient English* buildings. It was first employed by some Romanized architects, as a term of reproach and contempt of that extraordinary and elegant style which formed the component parts of the magnificent *English* cathedrals. Why should we persist in absurdity? Because few have courage to stop Prejudice of a long-worn habit.

to contain, he conceives, something new on this *interesting subject*." We are pleased to find an architect make this assertion, and that pleasure is heightened when he continues :—" If what has been advanced can contribute to remove those prejudices which have long prevailed against a style of architecture that is the *source of much pleasure* to many, his intentions will be fully answered, and his wishes completely gratified. The Gothic architecture may be said to have flourished in England from the reign of Edward I. into the reign of Henry VIII."

The great Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, and several other architects, affected to despise and ridicule this style of building, but Mr. Mitchell has dared to applaud it, though in opposition to the precepts of these Romanized veterans. Nay more, he boldly and singularly asserts that the Grecian, the Roman, and the " Gothic" buildings have each its peculiar merit, and appropriate beauty. Of the first, some *fine examples* will be found in the Temple of Minerva, in the Aeropolis, at Athens, the Temple of Concord, at Agrigentum, and the temples at Pestum.

The Romans having made a conquest of Greece, robbed her of her arts and artists. These were employed to decorate the Roman capitol; and thus, like modern Paris, she was enriched and embellished with the pilfered rarities of another nation.

Though Rome " erected more sumptuous buildings than were known in Greece," and then exulted in magnificence, and richness of decoration, yet " they fell short in the elegance of composition, and purity of design. Hence arises chiefly the distinction, and which is certainly essential, between the Greek and Roman architecture."

" The Gothic is a style of architecture truly original. Whoever will attentively examine it, as found in buildings in its purest style, will certainly find that it has not any thing in common with either the Grecian or Roman architecture, in whatever constitutes their principles or wherein they are distinguished by their form. The striking effects of a gothic building are produced by taking in the whole, in all its relations; but in the Greek and Roman chiefly by examining the elegance and fine proportion of their parts."

Our limits lay an embargo on our wishes, or we would select two or three other passages, which afford us information and pleasure; but, from a concluding paragraph, we are induced to expect a continuation of the essay, or an " Extensive Treatise on the Gothic Architecture."* This we shall gladly hail, from a conviction that

* See a curious volume of Essays on Gothic Architecture, published by J. Taylor, Holborn.

Mr. Mitchell has studied this interesting subject with great discrimination, and unprejudiced attention.

Tales of Superstition and Chivalry. 12mo. pp 144. *Vernor and Hood.*

To those who take delight in the "Tales of Horror," the "Tales of Wonder," and all such tales, the "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry" will prove interesting, and afford no mean portion of amusement. The author* has taken for her model the ancient ballads of her native country, and in some instances has certainly caught their spirit. Many such attempts have of late years been presented to the public with success, and these poems are certainly not least entitled to a kind reception among productions of this sort. The versification is simple and easy, and the language unaffected. If the collection does not rise to the highest degree of excellence, it does very considerable honour to the fair writer, who has devoted her time to the cultivation of her poetical talents, and merits a friendly reception from its readers.

The stories are founded upon the supposed transactions of ancient and chivalrous times, when the belief of supernatural agency was universal, and those who have a taste for the luxury of ideal description, will find no want of amusement in the perusal of them.

The imitation of the infant poetry of England may, however, be carried too far. If we revived the impressive style of our ancient Gothic buildings, while we retained their simple magnificence and solemnity, we should scarcely deem it necessary to perpetuate what is barbarous and uncouth in their embellishments. In imitating the works of former ages, we should study to render them pleasing to modern eyes and ears. However much we approve these poems, we think the following extract justifies our observation.

> " *In all that time, if he liv'd still,*
> " *[illegible]t none should see the Father Paul;*
> " *It awed the priest of Einsidlin,*
> " *And he could not speak at all!"*

Amongst others we noticed such rhymes as these, "*bled*"—"*satisfied,*"—"*aisle*" and "*confessional,*" &c. &c.

Adherence to the ancient style has its merits, but, in such instances, appears to us "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Notwithstanding our conviction of the illusion, tales of this de-

* Miss Bannerman, of Edinburgh.

scription, in general, create much interest. Those we have reviewed have, in this respect, an eminent claim to our approbation, and we strongly recommend them to the lovers of this pleasing kind of composition.

Gradus ad Cantabrigiam; or a Dictionary of Terms, Academical, and Colloquial, or CANT, *which are used at the University of Cambridge.* 12mo. pp. 139. 3s. *W. J. and J. Richardson.* 1803.

AN admired writer has said, that "of all the *cants* in the world, the *cant* of criticism is the most intolerable;" and our author, who appears to be no mean judge of cant, is probably of the same opinion, if not of one still worse, when he quotes, with such seeming approbation, the saying of Dryden, "that criticism was become mere hangman's work." It is true that it is but too often our disagreeable task to assist in strangling the mis-begotten offspring of the press, which make their appearance in this book-ridden age , in number and in worth,

"*Like half form'd insects on the banks of Nile!*"

and we confess that our reviews seem, in a great measure, to have assumed the face of museums, devoted entirely to contain the prodigious births of folly and dullness. The *little monster*, which we now have to add to our collection, we may safely class amongst the monkey-tribe, his powers of mimicry, his disposition to mischief, his drollery, and his occasional indecency, leaving no doubt with respect to his just title to that flattering distinction.

The Beauties of England and Wales; or, Delineations Topographical, Historical, and Descriptive, of each County, (embellished with Engravings.) By John Britton and Edward Widlake Brayley. Vol. 2. *London.* 1802.

IT is with pleasure that we announce the completion of the second volume of this elegant and interesting work. The recommendations which we bestowed on the first volume in our miscellany, may with propriety be repeated here, only we think the work, as it proceeds, increases in interest, and accuracy of delineation, whilst the embellishments are far superior to those of the first volume. The extensive reading and laborious remarks which the editors of the Beauties of England and Wales display in this specimen of their performance, are creditable testimonials of their powers and perseverance. This volume comprizes a description of Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, and Cornwal. On the former county, which is the

of one of our national universities, the mass of evidence and information (which is judiciously compressed in the space of 182 pages) is considerable, and affords the reader a fund of information concerning the foundation, establishment, and history of the various colleges, halls, and libraries.

Introductory to the description of this county, we find an interesting history of the Iceni, a class of the ancient Britons who opposed the Roman invaders with extraordinary courage and perseverance, under their Amazonian Queen Bandinea, or Boadicea.

"They renewed a war against the Romans so alarming in its consequences, that the whole power of their enemies trembled; and nothing but their expulsion from the island, or complete destruction, seemed likely to ensue. But the superior discipline and skill of the Roman soldiers at length prevailed, and the poor conquered Britons were obliged to relinquish their persons and property to their invading enemy."

This part is drawn up in a perspicuous and interesting manner. Next follows a long and particular account of a tract of country called "The Bedford Level," or "Great Level of the Fens."

"This (observes our author) included nearly 400,000 acres, lying in the several counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk. The chief part of this extensive tract appears, from the various phœnomena noticed by different authors, to have been formerly a dry and cultivated land; but either through injudicious embankments, which prevented the waters from the uplands issuing at their proper outlets, or from sudden and violent convulsions of nature, it was reduced to the state of a morass; where the waters stagnating, and becoming putrid, filled the air with noxious exhalations; and not only destroyed the health of the inhabitants, but likewise impeded their endeavours to obtain necessaries; the country being almost rendered impassible even to boats, by the sedge, reeds, and slime, with which it was covered.

"That this vast level was at first a firm dry land, and not annoyed with any extraordinary inundation by the sea, or stagnation of fresh waters, though the surface originally much lower than it is at present, is evident from the quantity of trees that have been found buried in different parts of the fens, and also from a variety of other circumstances."

Among the objects described at Cambridge, we find an interesting history of that elegant pile of building called King's College Chapel.

"This magnificent structure," says the author, "has been always considered as a perfect specimen of the Gothic architecture. When viewed from the outside, the massive stone with which it is composed, and the immense buttresses that support it, raise an idea of the most uncommon solidity: but this dwells but a short time on the mind; the height and magnitude of the building, its open worked battlements, and finely proportioned pinnacles and

towers, exalt the fleeting emotions that arise from the contemplation of its sublimity and grandeur. The interior view is still more impressive. The vast arched roof, unsustained by a single pillar, with its voluminous stones, displaying all the elegance of fan work, and seeming to hang in air, as if 'art had taught them to forget nature, and wean them of their tendency to gravitate,' at once astonishes and confounds."

As the editors cull the *honey* from every *flower* of history, their work contains a vast assemblage of the rare and valuable; and extracting the essence of former writers, and combining it with much original information, they present us with an epitome of topographical intelligence, which no other publication furnishes. These are our impartial sentiments on a work which has deservedly attained such a high degree of popularity, that the first volume is already out of print. Witnessing such laudable exertions for the refinement of the national taste, we cannot help wishing the editors health to finish what they have begun: success we need not wish, their merit insures it, and a British public will continue it.

History of the British Expedition to Egypt; to which is subjoined, a Sketch of the present State of that Country, and its Means of Defence. Illustrated with Maps, and a Portrait of Sir Ralph Abercromby. By Robert Thomas Wilson, Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry in His Britannic Majesty's Service, and Knight of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa.

"WHEN a military man hazards a publication," Sir Robert observes, in his preface, "he should, if possible, avert the severity of criticism from his work; and the author hopes that an appeal to the consideration and good nature of the learned, will, in this instance, procure him their indulgence, since he does not presume to rank himself in their numbers; nor can the writings of a soldier affect the credit of literature."

A declaration so modest and candid would disarm the severity of criticism, even if the military author had committed some very grievous offences against the laws of composition; but, in fact, Sir R. W. has no such reasons for his apology. His narrative is clear, manly, and perspicuous, distinguished throughout by sterling sense, liberal observation, and accurate detail. With the warmth of a patriot, and the honest roughness of a soldier, he has refuted the untruths with which General Regnier has essayed to varnish over the disgraces of his own countrymen, and, with a still less excuseable contempt of truth, to cast dust on the laurels so

well earned by ours. The detail of operations, and the reflections on particular parts of the service are given with honourable freedom, and with an unfettered frankness, which equally distributes the meed of applause or of censure to those who have merited it, whether friend or enemy.

The period properly embraced in Sir R. W.'s narrative, is from the 25th of October, 1801, when the British forces received directions to attempt the expulsion of the French from Egypt, till the time when news arrived of the signature of preliminaries of peace; but, in passing over the fields where the glory of his profession has been so shamefully tarnished by the enormous wickedness of that bloated son of fortune, whom the idiot worshippers of success alone can call great, the humane soldier has not been able to refrain from describing, and even ascertaining by undeniable evidence, those acts of Bonaparte which occasion comparisons between his conduct and that of Robespierre, Carrier, Couthon, and all those fiends of the revolution, once idolized, like himself, but who are now never mentioned, without the descriptive addition of *drinkers of blood.*—Indeed, if Carrier and the other proconsuls in the departments of France, put to death, like Bonaparte, thousands of unarmed individuals, they could plead that their victims were rebels, whom, by the laws, and for the safety of the state, they had a right to destroy; but the three thousand eight hundred men murdered by the Corsican in the field near Jaffa, had received quarter during the storm of the town, and were, three days afterwards, drawn out on a rising ground, and put to death in cold blood. But even this atrocious deed is more than paralleled by the next crime alleged against him, a crime so unmilitary and inhuman that we shudder to read, and doubt the nature of the being who could commit it. The affecting fact is thus related by the British author.

"Bonaparte finding that the hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which from weighty reasons cannot be here inserted; on his arrival he entered into a long conversation with him, respecting the dangers of contagion; concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick at present in the hospital was the only measure which could be adopted. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue, and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent, with this memorable observation: "Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher; and, General, if such qualities as you insinuate

are necessary to form a great man, I thank my God that I do not possess them." Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations; he persevered, and found an apothecary, who (dreading the weight of power, but who since has made an atonement to his mind by unequivocally confessing the fact) consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick.—— *Opium at night was distributed in gratifying food; the wretched unsuspecting victims banqueted, and in a few hours five hundred and eighty soldiers, who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of its idol.*"

Some over prudent persons may perhaps object to the narration of these transactions, but their objections have been anticipated, and ably answered by the author himself.

"To those who may imagine," he says, "that my representations of General Bonaparte's conduct in the several instances referred to, are imprudent and improper at this moment to be brought forwards, I must premise, that if they are concerned only for the character of that general, I am happy to afford them an occasion to be better acquainted with this celebrated man; who, by his great fortune, and uninterrupted career of victory (with one exception of Acre, that glorious monument of British conduct) has dazzled the understandings of the mass of mankind, and prevented the results of those enquiries having proper influence, which those, with whom the opinions of the day do not pass current, have instituted on his pretensions to the admiration of posterity. To those whose motives of disapprobation proceed from a regard for tranquillity, exciting the wish, that a general amnesty of oblivion might be extended to the past, first I will say that the dissemination of this principle would tend to produce more wickedness in the world than has ever yet been committed; for what is there to intimidate ambition, in full possession of power, but the pen of the historian? what can guarantee mankind from the atrocities of a licentious despotism, but an assurance that the memory of great crimes is perpetuated in the records of history? If the charges are not founded, the man yet lives to exonerate his injured character. If he cannot refute them, then must he sink into his grave loaded with the heavy weight of such offences, and the miserable prescience that execration shall attach to his memory, instead of the fame he coveted. That on his cenotaph posterity will inscribe— *Ille venena, Colcha, et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas, tractavit.*"

It is not our intention to pursue, through the whole of this quarto volume, a regular system of criticism or analysis. We have declared our general opinion of its style and merits, and it would not be just towards the author, or gratifying to the reader, were we to set out in search of minute errors, and detail all the trifling variations from the most approved modes of writing. We shall only select a few passages descriptive of events, places and personages, such as in our judgment are most calculated to interest the reader, and stimulate his curiosity to peruse this truly valuable work.

BRITISH VALOUR.—The conduct of the troops (in the celebrated battle of the 21st of March) cannot but excite wonder in military men, of whatever

nation they may be. Surrounded, partly broken, without ammunition, still to continue the contest, and remain conquerors is an extraordinary evidence of intrepidity, discipline, and inherent conduct. The British service may not only pride itself on that day for the battle gained, but as it serves for the ground work of future glory, and if its details are properly impressed, must diffuse universally instruction and confidence in danger.

MASSACRE AT EDKO.—The inhabitants of this village, at the first landing of the French, had committed some act of hostility against the detachment sent to occupy Rosetta. Bonaparte, in his dispatches to the directory, mentions this circumstance, and adds, that having given orders for the reduction of this town, it was assaulted accordingly; he then proceeds to applaud the gallantry of the troops, who stormed, in as pompous a manner as if another Ismael had been taken; whereas this village had not even the mud wall which surrounds all the others in Egypt. As a proof of the resistance, 150 men, women, and children, were put to the sword, and not a Frenchman was hurt; yet no doubt the banner of Edko is suspended in the Temple of Mars at Paris.

THE NILE AND THE BATHS AT ROSETTA.—The Nile, the celebrated Nile, afforded, uncombined with its bounties and wonderful properties, no pleasure to the sight; the muddy stream, rotten banks, putrifying with the fatness of the slime, left from the waters, its narrow breadth being not more than a hundred yards across, impressed with no idea of majesty; but a reflection on the miraculous qualities of this river, an anticipation of the luxuries the very kennelly waters would afford, rendered it an object of considerable gratification. The baths at Rosetta were esteemed very fine, and Savary describes them as such; therefore they must be mentioned. The curious stranger enters first into a large saloon, where many people are laying naked in bed, or getting up, having performed their ablutions: he then passes through narrow passages, smelling shockingly, from the abuses allowed in them, each becoming gradually warmer, till the steam heat is almost intolerable: when he arrives in the room where the baths are, there he sees a number of naked people, in various attitudes, some in the water, others rubbing down by the attendants, with gloves filled with cotton. Their horrid squalid figures, with their bald heads, excepting a little tuft of hair left on the crown, and bristly black beards, made the place resemble a den of satyrs. No scene could be more disgusting; and it is astonishing how any person could remain five minutes, since the air is so tainted and oppressive. Hundreds of English, attracted by the description, attempted to get as far as the baths, but were obliged to turn back when they had advanced a little way. The Mosaic pavement, with which however the floors are paved, is really beautiful, and repays some inconvenience.

SIR SYDNEY SMITH.—Sir Sydney was endeared to officers and men by his conduct, courage and affability. With pride they beheld the hero of Acre; with admiration they reflected on the convention of El Arish: they had witnessed his exertions, and calculated on his enterprize. The Arabs regarded him as a superior being. To be the friend of Smith, was the highest honour they coveted, and his word the only pledge they required. No trouble, no exertions, no expence, had been spared by him to obtain their friendship, and ele-

vate in their opinions the national character. But the order was given, and remonstrance would have been unworthy: it is true, that as a seaman he could not complain on being ordered to reassume the command of his ship; but the high power he had been invested with, the ability he had displayed as a soldier and statesman, entitled him to a superior situation in this expedition, and the interest of the service seemed to require, that the connexion he had formed with the Mamelukes, should through him be maintained. The army saw Sir Sydney then leave them with regret, but he carried with him their best wishes and gratitude

Gallic Gratitude.—The following anecdote is related as the cause of Morad Bey's personal inveteracy against the French, Some of their officers of rank assembled at the house of Madam Morad Bey, the widow of the great Ali Bey, who entertained them with all the hospitality she could possibly manifest, and as they retired, presented the young Beauharnois with a ring of considerable value. A few days afterwards a contribution was laid on her property of far greater extent than her proportion had previously been fixed at, and much beyond her means to pay. On complaint being made, she received for answer, "that as it was understood she still possessed very costly ornaments, no mitigation could be pleaded." This exaction then appeared to be founded on the present she had so generously, but as it proved imprudently given, to the relative of Bonaparte, with the motive of shewing honour to that general. As such it was considered as the grossest breach of faith and hospitality, nor could Morad Bey ever speak of the transaction without the bitterest expressions of indignation.

Egyptian Dwellings.—All language is insufficient to give a just idea of the misery of an Egyptian village. But those who have been in Ireland may best suppose the degree, when an Irish hut is described as a palace, in comparison to an Arab's sty, for it can be called by no other name. Each habitation is built of mud, even the roof, and resembles in shape an oven. Within is only one apartment, generally of about ten feet square. The door does not admit of a man's entering upright; but, as the bottom is dug out about two feet, when in the room an erect posture is possible. A mat, some large cans to hold water, which it is the constant occupation of the women to fetch, an alkaras or drinking pitcher, made of fine porous flag, found best in Upper Egypt, near Cuniz, and in which the water is kept very cool, a rice pan, and coffee pot, are all the ornaments and utensils. Here the whole family eat and sleep, without any consideration of decency or cleanliness, being, in regard to the latter, worse than even the beasts of the field, who naturally respect their own tenements. It was scarcely possible to witness this disgusting scene, to behold men, women, and children, so wretched, so hideous, and so abject, without reflections not very confirming to doctrines which, for the happiness of the world, should be inculcated.

The Sirocco.—This day will ever be remarkable to the Egyptian army—a Sirocco wind darkened, with a burning mist, the atmosphere; the thermometer was at 120 in the shade; the ground was heated like the floor of a furnace, every thing that was metallic, such as arms, buttons, knives, &c.

became burning hot; the poultry exposed to the air, and several horses and camels, died: respiration was difficult, and the lungs were parched with the fiery particles. Had the heat continued forty-eight hours, the effects would have been dreadful; but happily, as night drew on, the wind cooled, and at last changed to the north-west.

THE GRAND VIZIR.—The Grand Vizir is an old man, with a very expressive and engaging countenance, but having only one eye, the other being put out in throwing the dgiredde; a silvered beard of extraordinary length and beauty, a remarkable cleanliness in person, gave him a majestic and pleasing appearance, whilst the affability and particular elegance of his manners, operated irresistibly in his favour; nor was this impression even diminished by a more intimate knowledge of his character; brave, loyal, and humane: if not endowed with the most splendid talents, he ornamented by his virtues the high dignity he was invested with.

The account of the pyramids, and the sphinx, though well worthy of attention, is too long to be extracted; but we give with pleasure the following description of the MUMMY PITS and BIRD PITS. About thirteen miles distant are seen the pyramids of Sacarah, which are not so large as those of Giza. Under them are the celebrated mummy pits, which extend several leagues, tradition affirms as far as the great pyramids of Giza. The operation of descending into these pits is extremely disagreeable. Bedouin Arabs are the conductors, who bring the adventurers to some holes, down which they sling themselves by a rope about thirty yards, whilst the loose stones, tumbling from above, inflict the severest injuries. On reaching the bottom, they are shewn an opening like an oven, to get into which they are obliged to fall flat on their faces, and creep in that manner, or rather shove themselves backwards, their legs going necessarily first for fear of suffocation, for twenty yards, over rubbish and ruins, in total darkness. The height of the passage does not really admit of the smallest bend in the person to assist the progress. When this uncomfortable avenue is passed, the catacombs or vaults allow of a man's standing upright. In the bird-pits millions of earthen pots lie, in the recesses in which the sacred birds of Egypt, particularly the Ibis, are enclosed; and occasionally the bones of animals are found. These pots are closed by a strong cement, which no air can penetrate. When broken, there drops out what is apparently a lump of burnt cinders, which proves to be the cloth in which the bodies [illegible]ved. In almost all, the string which bound them remains perfect; and their feathers are preserved, with their very shades of colour. The mummy pits, where human bodies are deposited, have been much ransacked by the French; at least that part which was open to their researches. Still several whole bodies are found even now, without penetrating far, and two or three perfect mummies have been brought to England. Indeed the Arabs, for four sequins, would always engage to find and bring one into Cairo.

GENERAL KLEBER.—Whilst the British camp displayed this festivity, the French lines presented a gloomy scene of mourning: for as at the obsequies of General Kleber, real sorrow again agitated every heart. It was not the muffled beat, the trappings of ceremony, the imposing stiffness of parade, but the silent manliness of unaffected grief, which diffused the mournful solemnity.

Every soldier, as the coffin passed, felt that therein their benefactor's, a father's bones reposed; a leader, whose intrepidity had been their admiration and example; whose talents had often secured them the victory, and who, in the hour of distress, never abandoned them; the man who, when Bonaparte deserted them, cheered their desponding spirits by his paternal exhortations, and whose exertions were continually devoted to their welfare. They dwelt on his merits, they reflected on his fate, and Kleber became deified and adored. Had Bonaparte witnessed this scene, he would have himself regretted, perhaps, the exclamation which he made with indignant pride, when Kleber, wishing to heal up some differences which existed between them, began his letter with the fraternal term of "*Camerade*"—"*Camerade! Camerade! qu'est ce qu'il y'a de commun entre Kleber et moi?*" Fortunate was it for Bonaparte, that the hand of an assassin deprived Kleber of life. His word was passed, his resolution fixed, to take ample vengeance. Nor did personal resentment only urge him. The public wrong he had also pledged himself to redress. Neither would the aggrandisement of his rival have humiliated him by servile obsequiousness and dereliction from his oath. As an officer, Kleber must rank among the first; as a man, he was equally estimable; and the trait of regard for discipline he displayed, when Bonaparte, rifling the military chest, leaving only a few parats or farthings, which by accident adhered, quitted the army without any previous communication, stripped Alexandria of artillery, and subjected him to all the evils which penury, discontent, and weakness could expose a commander to, must ever obtain an universal applause. Still faithful to his duty, and the service he engaged in, Kleber made no public complaint or appeal. On the contrary, he even framed an apology for the man who had so injured him, by which generous conduct subordination was preserved, and the rising spirit of mutiny subdued: a noble sacrifice, which exposed himself to the odium of being thought a friend to the enemy of the army, for so Bonaparte was then deemed, and which imputation, if General Kleber's virtues had not been his own safeguard, would have produced the most fatal consequences. Several English officers had been present at the procession, and witnessed the tears of affection which flowed from the eyes of the soldiery; nor is his name ever mentioned amongst them, without exciting feelings of regret, admiration, and gratitude—at that time it was always accompanied by the vow of devotion to his cause. The skeleton of the assassin was also conveyed to France. This wretched being had been impaled alive, and lived in that state for three days. Neither on the cutting off his hand, nor the dreadful operation which humanity and manhood revolt at, did he betray the least fear. His only cry was for water, and occasionally a curse against those who had betrayed him, with the hopes of pardon, into confession.

General Menou.—General Hope went into Alexandria to sign the capitulation. General Menou received him with every mark of attention, and invited him to dinner. The repast was only horse-flesh; but those who know the French general, will know that his society would amply compensate for the want of a more luxurious diet. On the morning of September the 2d, Lord Keith came on shore to ratify the terms, and a capitulation was concluded,

which embraced every desirable object, without unnecessarily degrading the conquered. General Menou was certainly entitled to every consideration which a brave but unfortunate officer has a right to expect from a generous enemy; and General Hutchinson knew well how to appreciate conduct which had been so honourable, and to accede every indulgence not incompatible with the interests of his country, and credit of the army. Policy obtained from him the terms of Cairo, and the noblest of motives induced his consent to these. That man who does his duty, must at the same time acquire the esteem of his adversaries, or they but ill merit their success. General Menou's defence was such as his country had every reason to be satisfied with; a longer resistance would not have been sufficiently considerate for the troops under his command, unless they voluntarily devoted themselves to render glorious, by their sacrifice, the memory of the army of the east.

Ravages of the French in Lower Egypt.—Independent of the ravages of the plague, the French have destroyed about 40,000 inhabitants, and ill treated, in almost every place, the women: and yet General Desaix's conquest of that country has been extolled in raptures, as glorious to the French arms and to humanity.

We perceive that the desire of communicating useful and interesting information has already led us to extend this article to an unusual length; we shall therefore abstain from giving the descriptions of Cleopatra's Needle, and Pompey's Pillar, and from making any extracts from the remarks on the moral and physical state of Egypt, or the papers in the appendix. We cannot however conclude without repeating our earnest recommendation of this work to the attention of our readers, whom it must highly gratify, as well on account of its literary and philosophical, as of its historical and political merits.

Facts and Observations respecting the Air-pump Vapour Bath, in Gout, Rheumatism, Palsy, and other Diseases. By Ralph Blegborough, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. 3s. 6d. 12mo. Lackington, Allen, & Co. 1803.

The first rude essay at constructing a telescope is said to have been made by a boy, the son of one Theodore Jansen, a spectacle grinder, in Holland, who, diverting himself with placing two double concaves on a lath, found that the weather-cock of a steeple was magnified, when he viewed it through them. It is better ascertained that the first idea of Newton's sublime system was suggested by an apple falling from a tree, while he sat musing in a garden. This event, trifling as it might seem to inattentive observers, immediately set his great genius to work. Gravity, said he to himself, reaches

to the top of that tree—to the top of the highest tree—to the summit of the loftiest mountain. Why not as high as the moon? And if so, may she not be retained in her orbit by the same cause, whatever that cause be." The glorious issue of these soliloquies is well known to philosophers. A discovery not so splendid, but certainly not less useful to mankind, had a similar origin. The very ingenious Mr. Smith, of Brighton, happening to read, in some romantic account of the crusades, the story of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from the wound of an arrow which had penetrated her beloved Edward, his mechanical genius was immediately set to work. What is suction (he asked himself) but the removal of atmospheric pressure? Does not this cause the milk to flow from a woman's breast? and the blood from the wounds of the scarificator in cupping? Suppose, then, a large portion of the body,—for example, a gouty leg, subjected to the action of the air-pump, as a small surface is in using the syringe cupping-glass, must not blood and juices rush towards such part, and, in so doing, probably remove the morbid obstructions? The result of this self-interrogation clearly evinces the native force of inventive genius that gave rise to the air-pump vapour-bath, described by the author in this neat little work, which, we understand, is worthy of observation.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1802. *Being an impartial selection of the most exquisite Essays and Jeux d'Esprits, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers and other Publications. With Explanatory Notes and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. Vol.* 6. *Small* 8*vo.* 6*s. Ridgway.* 1803.

> "ANOTHER and another still succeeds,
> And still the last is welcome as the former."

The Peasant's Fate; a rural Poem; with miscellaneous Poems. By William Holloway. Second Edition. 12mo. 1802.

WE are told, for we rather avoid any inquiry after the critical opinions of others, lest they should imperceptibly influence our own: but we have been loudly told, that, after this publication had so far received the sanction of the public favour as to have a second impression called for, in less than a twelvemonth after the appearance of the first, some of our censorial brethren have risen up in battle array against the author, and against the work; have employed the knife instead of the pen, and have dissected instead of analyzing his book. The motives for such invidious treatment we are not anxious to enquire, since a general solution has been given by the poet, who instructs us, that

> "Envy will merit as its shade pursue;"

and when the present author is informed that on the publication of Cowper's poetry, it was censured by the conductors of a long-established review, as "dull and languid, without either novelty, spirit, or animation," the intelligence may arm his mind with the panoply of philosophic fortitude, especially as a popular writer has assured his fellows, that even a production of excellence must be expected to entail upon its author a thousand mortifications.* After these consolatory hints, imparted in the spirit of critical benevolence, we have only to announce this reprint of a volume from which we received much pleasure, and which we can cordially recommend to such of our readers as have any regard for our candour or judgment.

Modern Discoveries; or a Collection of Facts and Observations, principally relative to the various Branches of Natural History, resulting from the Geological, Topographical, Botanical, Physiological, Mineralogical, and Philosophical Researches, of celebrated modern Travellers in every Quarter of the Globe. Carefully translated, prepared, and reprinted, from the Works of the most eminent Authors. By Francis Blagdon, Esq. Professor of the French, Italian, Spanish, and German Languages. Octo-Decimo. 1802.

This promises to prove a useful, interesting, and valuable collection. The works already published are Denon's Travels in Egypt, and Golberry's Travels in Africa; and they furnish a very favourable specimen of the abilities of the translator. The apology he offers for this collection carries considerable weight.

"The consequence of travellers having too far extended their remarks on particular subjects or branches of science has been, that they have sometimes found it necessary to curtail the general information which might have been expected; or if they have inserted the latter, the size of the volume has been so far extended, as to render its publication at a moderate expence utterly impracticable. On the other hand, the publishing of works of real merit on a large scale, and attended with overstrained embellishments of the graphic and typographic arts, has been the means of introducing such editions to splendid and expensive libraries only; while the enormous price of the volumes renders them unattainable by the most numerous part of society. On this subject, the public complaint has been appropriately expressed in the words of Juvenal:

"*Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.*"

To remedy this most serious inconvenience, the editor has thought, that by printing his edition in all the beauty of typogra-

* Lewis's Monk, vol. ii. p. 154.

phy, together with the convenience of portability, and also by condensing, in a very few instances only, such matter in the original works as may be conceived generally uninteresting, he should be enabled to publish, in a regular series of volumes, a complete and extensive collection of Facts and Observations, adapted to the present state of literature and Science; a collection which, while it is calculated for the information of the nation at large, will not discredit the patronage of princes; for, by a strict attention to the double object of elegance and economy, he will be able to present the most superb works that have been published in every European language, at a price which can neither be felt nor regretted by any enlightened individual, whatever may be his rank in society."

Mr. Blagdon, who appears to be perfectly adequate to the task he has undertaken, proposes to publish a volume on the first day of every month, and as each work will be completed at the end of a volume, the public may purchase any set of travels they please, without binding themselves to continue the series.

The plan is very liberal, and worthy of general encouragement.

The widowed Bride, or Celina. A Novel founded on Facts. By Sarah Ann Hook. 3 Vols. 12mo. Lane and Newman, 1803

In the list of female worthies who adorn the present age by their genius, the fair author of this novel is entitled to no mean rank. Nature seems to have been her guide, and elegant simplicity the language she has adopted. The Widowed Bride is written with all the simplicity of Sterne, and in many parts is equally fascinating with the style of that popular writer.

DRAMATIC.

Delays and Blunders. A Comedy in Five Acts. As performing at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds, 2s. *Longman and Rees. London,* 1803.

This comedy, like every other production of Mr. Reynolds, abounds in lively incident, in temporary satire, in appropriate allusion to the manners of the day, and above all in pleasant business and humour, which, springing from the subject, more properly belongs to the comic department of the stage.

If there be not novelty in delineation of character, there is at least happiness of contrast, and variety of sentiment. The morality of the piece is spotless, and the unities are strictly preserved Mr. Reynolds has, certainly, above all his contemporaries, the merit of exhilarating his audience, and enlivening by reflection the gaiety of domestic life.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

THEATRICAL SCALE OF MERIT.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING very much attached to theatrical amusements, and, at the same time inclined to regulate my judgment by the opinions of the newspaper critics, I am often extremely puzzled in the laborious operation of making up my mind by the indefinite—I was going to say almost unintelligible—terms made use of by the aforesaid judges. It appears to me to be saying next to nothing, when they say that such a performer is *capital*, another *inferior*, that one has *outdone* his usual *outdoings*, and that another has *outdone* the *outdoings* of every body else. Such phrases, being so many degrees of comparison, convey no information, because they are comparisons with a some thing in the author's head, which he does not state in plain terms.

Complaining the other day of these difficulties to my worthy friend *Jonathan Lloyd*, Esq. of the *Stock Exchange*, he put me upon a scheme which I think worth communicating to you, and I hope soon to see it adopted, as the only infallible way to render dramatic criticism explicit and intelligible. I shall give it as nearly as possible in the words of my friend, who is one of the most precise men in the world:

"Your complaint, my dear Dangle, is strictly just; but so it ever will be, unless critics and speakers in general on all subjects, will consent to adopt the terms of the consolidated funds. At *our house* no man is at a loss to comprehend another. Were one of us to say, that *omnium* had been *considerably* in the course of the day, he would be laughed at as an incorrigible blockhead, and nobody would understand him; but when he says, it left off at 7¾, it is plain how the case stands. Now, my dear friend, let these critics only adopt our scale, and you will find the merits of a play or player will be placed on the most distinct and intelligible ground. For example, instead of representing the progress of a performer by the vulgar degrees of comparison, *good*, *better*, *best*, say at once, that *Cooke* began at 58¼ and left off at 65½; that the critics did Capt.

Caulfield in *Hamlet* at 50½, but that he sunk in Ranger to 37⅞; that another performer, by various *reports* from the country, had been raised to 70, but that he fell in one day no less than eight *per cent.* that a comedy had begun at 62½, fluctuated very much in the course of the evening, and left off at 50: you see, my dear Dangle, how plain all this is. You might, likewise, consider a manager who announces, by extravagant puffing, a new piece, as a *bear* who pretends to sell what he is not possessed of, and is obliged frequently to *waddle out* at a great loss, his delightful comedy at 70 being often reduced as low as a *farce* of 49. Kotzebüe—all the world, you know, are *bulls* of *Kotzebüe*; he, I say, as we have *nothing to give in return*, may be deemed a species of *Imperial loan*, and *done* accordingly. Viewing matters in this light, I flatter myself that I have a more correct idea of dramatic merit than the most enlightened of our critics, and am often enabled to detect false accounts. I have frequently been told of a performer rising wonderfully, when to my certain knowledge he never got beyond 52⅜, and very few *clappers* at that. There are some very *venturesome* fellows among them, who affect to have large *concerns*, and yet, egad! are seldom able to pay the *first instalment*. Dramatic dealers in *nominal stock* are not quite so lucky as with *us*—But let that pass—This is my way of judging plays and players, and I know no other so correct. Were it once introduced, we should understand one another better. It is nonsense to talk of rising and falling. There is no rising and falling but at the Stock Exchange that can be clearly understood. When I am told that Kemble rose two *per cent.* in the fourth act of Hamlet, I know directly what is meant, as he left off at 79⅞, in *To be or not to be*. But some actors, I am sorry to say it, manage their stock so badly, that in the course of the season they don't vary an eighth *per cent.* and generally leave off just where they began. I have only to add, that this *ratio* would be of great service, at the end of a season, to the *holders of tickets* which I have often seen hawked about the Garden, at a loss of ten or twelve *per cent*."

My friend Jonathan having explained his scheme so particularly, I do not think it necessary to add any comments of my own, but submit it to the better judgment of your readers, and am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

DANGLE.

REMARKS ON THE DRAMATIC POETS.

BY PHILIP NEVE, ESQ.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

FROM a survey of the whole dramatic works of Beaumont and Fletcher, it would be difficult to draw any general conclusion concerning their merit. So unequal are their pieces, that they admit of every degree of estimation, from excellent to bad. Their schemes are taken rather from tales than history; though it is not always easy to discover the sources that have supplied them. Their plots are, in general, better than either their conduct of them, or their writing: many of their chief characters are individuals; yet, among fifty-four dramas, may be found partial excellences of all sorts.—What plays were written by these authors conjointly, or what by either severally, it is now impossible, beyond a very small number, to distinguish; but it cannot be supposed that many were written by Beaumont, who died (in 1615) at the age of twenty-nine, when Fletcher was both born ten years before him, and survived him as long.

Of all their dramas, the comedy of Rule a Wife and have a Wife is that which has most deeply and most deservedly fixed the public attention. Observing, throughout these authors, particularly Fletcher, to whom solely this play is attributed, a continual disposition to treat female errors with severity, it is not wonderful, that he could not resist the temptation of devoting a whole piece to the picture of a character of entire libertinism. By the words, in the second act, reported by Estifania, as from Perez,

> ———he is an ass not worth acquaintance,
> That cannot mould a devil to obedience—

The author seems to intend a contrast between the characters of Perez and Leon, as well in their institution, as their progress in the action of the drama; whereas Leon is, in truth, rather an instance that the dissimulation of one sex can exceed the penetration of the other, than that an ass can rule a vixen. The two actions of this play are conducted with very happy coincidence. It is replete with comic incidents; all of which fall out very naturally, and justly entitle it to the high applause it has always received on the stage. In the conduct of Margarita's character, it is observable, at the opening of the third act, that she expresses her doubts of Leon's "being really master of the ignorance he outwardly professes;" whereas nothing, but an entire confidence in such ig-

norance, could introduce, with great effect, her astonishment at his breaking out, a page or two afterwards. And here may be noted the difference of the masterly pen of Shakspeare; who, so far from weakening his characters by injudicious anticipations, often prefaces them, as it were, to their own greatness. In the fifth act, Leon, after the repeated experience of Margarita's treachery, is perhaps too easily credulous of her reformation, the moment she promises it. Mr. Garrick has, with great judgment, in his alteration added a short argument between them, which strengthens the probability of Leon's conviction, as a ground of his faith.

Cacafogo very far surpasses the other buffo-character of these authors, Bessus, and approaches much nearer to the humour of Falstaff, without being so manifestly a copy of him. Cacafogo's avarice gives great variety to the character, whilst in him Falstaff's gluttony, lechery, and cowardice, are well preserved. His language is excellent; and the trick put upon him by Estifania, with the chain and trumpery of Perez, highly comic. Mr. Garrick altered the catastrophe of this comedy; with which alteration it now appears upon the stage. It is not easy to judge of stage effect, but upon the spot; yet there seems nothing reprehensible in the original form of it, but the unnecessarily sending of Leon abroad with his company, after the scheme, for which alone his commission was obtained, is at an end: which circumstance is also preserved by Mr. Garrick.

Bonduca, is a tragedy, in which the character of Caratach is excellently drawn. Nor is it surprising that the authors should so well succeed in writing after the fine model Tacitus has left of him. Hengo is a very worthy elève of the manly Caratach. The Druid-sacrifice is an exhibition of solemn and striking effect. The daughters of Bonduca, in their threatened revenge against the Romans they have ensnared, shew a stern and masculine spirit, well suited to themselves, their cause, and their situation.

The Knight of the burning Pestle is a comedy of peculiar character; formed on Thomas Heywood's Four Prentices; which was intended to ridicule the prevailing fashion of romance-reading; and of which ridicule this play is meant as a continuation. Cervantes had published his Don Quixote in 1605; Thomas Heywood his play in 1612; and in 1613 was published this comedy, which is not without much humour; particularly in the relief of the prisoners from the barber-surgeon's, and the march of the knight's company through Whitechapel.

The Prophetess, a tragical history, seems a composition peculiarly happy in itself, and was well adapted to an age in which the

intervention of spirits in all the common occurrences of life was fully believed, from the king to the peasant. Delphia is, like Medea, the sublime of magic. Her power, as it were, produces the story; and the poet has managed his machinery with such excellent art, that it is no where forgotten, and no where fails to forward the plot. The images are equal to any thing to be found on the subject.—The conclusion of the second act sets at work all the powers that sustain the fable, without giving room to guess at the effects of any of their operations. Delphia's magic law, that "the same affection Diocles shews to Drusilla, shall be shewn to him by Aurelia," is productive of great variety, in the progress of that part of the story; which is conducted very regularly to the end of the third act. But, like all things of great ostentation upon a false basis, which must fail somewhere, here the piece falls off, and the two last acts can scarcely be thought to have proceeded from the same pen which produced the former.

These four pieces seem as different as any that can be selected from the volumes of these authors; to the advantage of whom many others might be pointed out, if a reader could be supposed to be interested in partial sketches of plays, not thoroughly good. Among the beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher, however, must not be omitted the scenes with Ordella, in the fourth act of the tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret. One passage also, in the Humorous Lieutenant, claims every attention. The chief characters of the play are Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus, and Ptolemy, the successors of Alexander. The three last, in arms, and in opposition to Antigonus, are surrounded by his troops, and in imminent danger. Upon some night-alarm, that the enemy are advancing upon them, Seleucus, sword in hand, disdaining to yield, breaks forth to his associates:

"Let no man fear to die: we love to sleep all;
And death is but the sounder sleep. All ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrow;
Nor go we out, like tedious tales, forgotten:
High, high we go, and hearty to our funerals;
And, as the sun that sets, in blood we'll fall.

Had Alexander, before he joined his last battle at Gaugamela, spoken these words, the dignity of the personage and the occasion, suiting to the grandeur of the image in the last line, had perhaps rendered it one of the most sublime passages poetry can furnish.

THE PRESENT STATE OF

THE PORTUGUEZE STAGE.

*FROM LINK'S TRAVELS.**

One of the principal amusements of the rich is the Italian opera, which is not supported by the court, but by private individuals. It was at that time in all respects excellent, and the singers have rendered every other opera to me insipid. The best of these performers was added to it at the time, when the French occupied Rome, and turned out the Castrati from the great opera. Crescentini eclipsed all the rest; but I should only name him to those who knew Italy, which is the mother of music, before the late troubles. In Lisbon unmarried women are not allowed to perform at any theatre; and here, where their places are supplied by Castrati, little more is lost than an illusion of the imagination, which perhaps misleads the judgment. The opera was my principal amusement at Lisbon. The house is large and handsome, the disposition of its parts excellent, and the attention of the manager, that every one should be in his proper places, very exemplary. Sometimes also Portugueze operettas are performed, generally farces, as afterpieces, in which the Portugueze language has a pleasing effect in the Italian mouth of Zamparini.

Besides the opera-house called *teatro* de Carlos, there is a portugueze play-house called *teatro do solitre*, situated in a narrow little street behind the public promenade: it is much less than the opera house, very narrow, and is but little visited by persons of condition. Under such circumstances little can be expected. Here also no women perform, their parts being filled by men who can scarcely conceal their beards. The players are frequently artisans. A shoemaker who had been at work all day performed among other comical old characters, and was not the worst of the actors. The pieces represented are generally translations from the Italian, less frequently from other languages, and still more rarely original. But I have never myself seen or heard announced, even on this stage, the Portugueze merry-andrew who is called *gracioso*. All the tragedies and serious plays are bad, or ill performed, nor can any thing be more wretched than the principal lovers. The afterpieces are miserable farces, almost more so than the Spanish *saynetes*; but the *tonadilla* is not at all known. Among their greater pieces, however, some are not without merit; the nation in general have a strong inclination to wit and satire, and the language is particularly calculated for the expression of humour.

* Translated from the German by J. Hinckley, Esq.

CURSORY REMARKS ON SHAKSPERE.

No. X.

The following coincidences between Shakspere and Massinger are so striking as to be worthy of notice.

> *Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
> And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
> *Hamlet.*

Massinger has precisely the same figure in his *Great Duke of Florence.*

> *Giovanni.* Pray you believe, Sir,
> What you deliver to me, shall be lock'd up
> In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself
> Shall keep the key.

SHAKSPERE.

Ros. Take you me for a *spunge*, my lord.

Hamlet. Ay, Sir; that *soaks up* the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities . . . . it is but *squeezing* you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again. *Hamlet.*

MASSINGER.

> These *spunges* that *suck up* a kingdom's fat,
> To be *squeez'd* out by the rough hand of war.
> *Duke of Milan.*

SHAKSPERE.

> I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
> But that this folly drowns it.

Massinger reverses the image:

> ——— my eyes
> Would keep you company, as a forlorn lover,
> But that the burning fire of my revenge
> Dries up those drops of sorrow.
> *Bashful Lover.*

In Macbeth there is a thought not much unlike this, though the metaphor is different.

> Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
> To cure this deadly grief.

I beg to retract my assertion that Johnson had not noticed the word "grizzled" in his dictionary. I find I was in error.

J. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. EDITOR,

In wandering along the romantic Wye, one pleasant evening, enjoying those beautiful scenes which decorate the banks of that delightful river, I was awakened from my reverie by the sounds of an instrument most delicately modified by the voice of a lovely girl, who sang the following song, which, having finished, she rose from the trunk of an old tree,

——— o'ercanopied
With luscious woodbine——

and, without perceiving me, slowly retired.

THE WYE.

SOFT as those tear-besprinkling smiles
Which deck with loves each pitying eye,
This wandering river woe beguiles,
And steals an hour from misery.

Tender is the mellow hue
Which softens all the evening hour;
This stream displays as soft a view,
And wakes a sympathetic power.

Sweet is the shore the Arabs boast,
With roses cover'd, and with gum,
The Wye, as sweet, delights us most,
Since far remov'd from worldly hum.

Soft is the strain that soothes the mind,
Disposing all the soul to weep;
So soft, so mild, so gently wind,
These lovely waters to the deep.

MORTIMER.

THE SEASONS.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

SUMMER.

GAY Summer now returns with gaudy vest,
With roseate hues, and sunny smiles array'd,
And the thick foliage, by the breeze imprest,
Crowds into masses, and embrowns the shade.

Serenely bright the creeping river flows,
With drowsy murmur gaining on the ear,
For now no sigh across its bosom blows,
And not a sound of living thing is near.
Amidst the tufted glooms, and hid from sight,
The anxious female eyes her sportive young,
Her mate pours forth his sonnet of delight,
And carols with a clear, and liquid tongue:
While with a grateful, consentaneous voice,
The fields, the waters, and the woods rejoice.

LINES,

WITH GREAT RESPECT, INSCRIBED TO MISS WALSTEIN,

At the closing the Liverpool Theatre, November 24, 1802.

The glee, the jest, the repartee,
Ah! can they bid the heart be free?
The sportive song, the circling bowl,
Ah! can they joy the grief-fraught soul?
The song, the bowl, the festive joy,
May chase those cares that life annoy:
But, if love possess the mind,
Its cares destroy each comfort kind.
Can aught but love afford relief,
And cure the bosom of its grief?

Walstein, thy song, surpassing fine,
Thy form, describ'd aright, divine,
The many virtues of thy breast
Have stol'n from ev'ry heart its rest.
Whether, as arch Thalia, gay,
Thou teach us light to cheat the day,
Or, fair Euterpe's self display,
And sweetly charm our cares away;
Or, foremost of the Thespian train,
Thou greet us; come, sweet maid, again;
More *grateful shall our hearts declare
How much they feel thy worth their care.

Devoniæ. J. P. B.

* Miss W.'s benefit was by no means so good as, in proportion to others, she might justly have expected.

VERSES.

Supposed to be written by the unfortunate Poet Dermody,

IN A STORM,

While on board a Ship in His Majesty's Service.

Lo! o'er the Welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy in the dripping shrouds;
While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclin'd,
Lists to the changeful storm;—and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad:
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes.
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
Mark the drear tempest and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's laves to sleep.
For not for me shall wife or children mourn;
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell
Sweetly as solemn peal of pious passing bell.

Nottingham. H. K. White.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

Jan. 20.—*She would and she would not.*—Mr. Bartley made a respectable stand in Don Philip, in the absence of Mr. Barrymore. His figure is not sufficiently important; but he possesses feeling and good sense, and, with proper encouragement, may become a favourite with the public.

21—*Cymbeline.*—Powell, for the first time, appeared in Jachimo, a character of some difficulty. Mr. Powell spoke it judiciously, and brought the part pretty forward on the scene; but he was, in some situations, too tame and even, for the crafty Italian, engaged in an adventure fraught with so much personal danger, and of so uncertain an issue. His [illegible] was chaste, but it wanted warmth.

26.—*Merry Wives.*—Mr. Robert Palmer is a very able representative of the *fat Knight*, as he proved by his performance in the first part of Henry IV. He was equally successful on this occasion. He seized the leading points with great felicity, and displayed much rich and natural humour throughout the character. Both Cooke and Stephen Kemble have the advantage of him in certain passages, but, taken altogether, we think Mr. Palmer's Falstaff comes the nearest to the author's intention.

27.—*Busy Body.*—Mr. Russell, in *Sir George Airy*, exhibited so much ease and gaiety, that we could wish to see him oftener in similar characters; at least we know not any actor, at present in Drury Lane, who has a right to dispute his claim to them.

29.—*Hear both Sides*—A comedy by Mr. Holcroft, the design of which will appear from the following outline.

"*Headlong* (a) is a liberal and high-spirited young man of fashion, whom a thoughtless disposition had almost ruined. His extravagancies have so angered his uncle, that he made a vow to disinherit him. While want of fortune obliged him to reside abroad, his friend *Fairfax* (b) wrote to him that his uncle was dying, and remitted money to enable him to return. About this time, however, *Headlong* met with *Caroline Melford* (c) at a masquerade at Venice, and falling deeply in love with her, his return to England is too long delayed. The action of the piece commences on the day of his arrival; and doubts are immediately suggested respecting the character of *Fairfax*, whom *Headlong's* uncle had left his sole heir. This suspicion is maintained until the last scene, in which the real character of *Fairfax* appears. He had consented to become the heir of Headlong's uncle only that this young man, whom he loved from a child, might be certain of enjoying a fortune he would otherwise have lost. It is generously bestowed on him, and Headlong, now roused to a sense of his follies, feels the error of associating with gamblers and sharpers."

There are various incidental and episodical characters, which scarcely require to be mentioned; none of them having the force of strong interest or originality to recommend them.

The play discovers some good writing; the sentiments are in general just, and the moral inoffensive; but the piece is languid and gloomy in representation. There are three or four old men decorated with wigs "*curiously carved*," who croak about the stage in monosyllables and half sentences, borrowed from the German and French stages, at whom it is impossible for Gravity itself to withhold a smile.

The plot too is forced and frivolous. It is a house built upon the sand. A word of explanation from Fairfax upon the arrival of Headlong, would have set every thing right. The ambiguity of his conduct, with regard to the will, justifies all the young man's suspicion, and lays his character open to the obloquy which is attached to it by Headlong's friends. One would reasonably expect that an upright and considerate man, who, with the same benevolent intention had become possessed of an estate, would take the earliest opportunity of discovering to the party most concerned, the true motives of his conduct. Instead of which, Fairfax raises a dust for the mere satisfaction of laying it. He renders himself, to all human appearance, an obnoxious character, provokes animadversion and abuse, and then exclaims, "Was ever man so ill-treated as I am!"

Where is the utility then of the moral? It is true appearances may deceive; we should not condemn with precipitation: but if a stain appears to rest upon a person's character, and he does not chuse to wipe it off, will not virtuous men avoid him, or express their indignation? and shall not the person whom he has apparently injured and reduced to beggary, be entitled to the common privilege of complaint?

The plot of this comedy, therefore, is an idle pretence; "the baseless fabric of a vision!" and unfit for dramatic management. Fairfax is neither entitled to compassion nor applause; and when he at last unfolds himself, we are

(a) Mr. C. Kemble. (b) Mr. Dowton. (c) Mrs. Pope.

not at all pleased at finding that the man who had been shaking his head, and looking vastly wise through four acts, was thus studiously mysterious, merely that in the fifth he might launch out into a laboured and egostical eulogium on his own character for integrity, and his wonderful forbearance under the calumnious aspersions of men, who, in reviling him, had done just as all other men must do under similar circumstances:—so that the axiom which is so good in itself, "*hear both sides*," remains unenforced upon the audience, like a bad sermon from a good text.

Of the acting we must speak in high terms. Dowton played *Fairfax*, a part of a loftier cast than has usually fallen to his lot, in a vey chaste, impressive style. Wroughton, in the *Old Steward*, was excellent. Collins shewed himself another *Edwin* in *Gregory*, and Charles Kemble in *Headlong* was easy, gentlemanly, and, in the impassioned scenes, extremely interesting. Bannister made a very prominent part of *Transit*, a character made up of sentiment and eccentricity, who unexpectedly, and highly improbably, finds a wife in Eliza, whom he had long believed dead, and, to increase the absurdity, a father in the man, Sir *Aspen*, who had been the author of the report by which he was made a supposed widower. *Eliza*, who has discovered the situation and pecuniary embarrassments of her husband, follows him to his place of confinement, and, concealing her features under a mask, converses with him, relieves him, and keeps his curiosity in suspence till the proper time arrives for a discovery. Mrs. Jordan did all that could be done for this character, which was not much, though she treated us with a song into the bargain. Raymond and Mrs. Pope rendered all possible justice to the *Melfords*, and Cherry, in the cheating lawyer, or *Item*, or *Silky*, for they are all alike, displayed the skill of a finished comedian.

The prologue, spoken by Mr. Bannister, was intended as an apology for leaving the common track, and hazarding bold novelties on the stage; but surely the comedy of *Hear both Sides* did not require an apology of this kind. The epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Jordan, versified and applied the old saying, "*Give a dog an ill name.*" It was neatly written, and pointedly delivered.

The comedy was well received; but its attraction did not last many nights.

9.—*Merchant of Venice.*—Mr. Fearon attempted Shylock, but he was not so successful in it as in Richard. The deep and gloomy malignity of the Jew was but feebly depicted. His best scene was that in the third act with *Tubal*, upon the discovery of his daughter's flight. The house was thin, and the effect of the representation exceedingly flat.

19.—*Hero of the North.*—Every body has heard of *Gustavus Vasa*, and the success with which, assisted by the Dalecarlians, he opposed the Danes, who had obtained possession of Sweden, and delivered his country from their yoke. It being the author's object to furnish an *Operatic Spectacle*, he has been obliged to confine the historical part of his action within very narrow limits. *Gustavus* in the mine discovers himself to his comrades, and a few faithful adherents; when he is next exhibited we find the *Hero of the North* availing himself of a ridiculous love intrigue between a Swedish peasant and Carlowitz, a Danish chieftain, to get possession of the garrison commanded by the latter. Though any stratagem in war be allowable, this is an action which does not set off the *deliverer of his country* to much advantage. The rest is all uproar and battle, and *Gustavus* is scarcely heard "amidst the din of arms." It is unfortunate for Mr. Dimond that the tragedy of Brooke furnishes so ready and unavoidable a comparison;

but the dramatic amateur cannot fail to bring that play to recollection, and sensible as we are of the restrictions to which Mr. Dimond has been forced to conform in preparing his drama for representation, it is much to be lamented that a grand historical subject, already so nobly illustrated, should be blended with the "baser matter" of a modern opera, the credit of which, if any is to be had at all, is only to be shared by the scene painter, the mechanist, the taylor, and the compiler of the music.

Having observed thus much with respect to the subject, we must admit that Mr. Dimond has shewn a good deal of address in the general construction of his opera, which may safely challenge competition with other productions of the same nature, prepared by more experienced hands, and aided by stronger auxiliaries.

Mr. Dimond is a young man of considerable poetical promise. Some of the dialogue of this piece is very creditable to his taste and genius. The language of the old poets might occasionally be traced, and a few puerilities were noticeable; but the author's youth is an excuse for this. Few of our writers for the stage have even a relish for poetry: Mr. Dimond is not a stranger to its inspiration, and we may reasonably expect much future amusement from a writer who has so early begun to cultivate the public favour.

The music, composed and selected by Mr. Kelly, is not very striking. The dresses, scenery, &c. are splendid and appropriate, and the performers, among whom Mr. Raymond must be distinguished for having preserved the piece on the first night, at a very critical moment, exerted themselves with the greatest success.

COVENT-GARDEN.

JAN. 17.—*Othello.*—Mr. Carles, a gentleman of promising talent, appeared in this very arduous character, and acquitted himself so creditably as to be called upon to act it thrice. His figure is tall and elegant; his voice unequal, but capable of powerful exertion; his judgment is mature, and his acquaintance with the text appears to be critically just. His chief fault consists in laying the whole weight of tone and emphasis on single words, and in falling into an attitude somewhat grotesque at the close of an impassioned speech. These defects appeared stronger in his performance of Jaffier (7th Feb.), which, however, as well as his Othello, exhibited many beauties by way of counterpoise, such as entitle him to very respectful consideration, and will authorize his friends to entertain the most sanguine expectations of his future eminence.

FEB. 2.—Capt. Caulfeild, late of the guards, came forward in Hamlet, and gave strong proofs of genius in some of the important scenes of the character. We have not room at present to enter into an examination of the performance. We have heard it extolled as the highest achievement of the art. Such praise, however, can have the effect only of instilling notions into the young actor, which will probably never be realized. He certainly possesses much merit; and, if he has a serious view to the stage as a profession, he may no doubt obtain a respectable footing there. But, in making this choice, we sincerely hope he will not relinquish any thing more substantial. The honours of the stage are very precarious at best, and he has much, very much, to acquire, before he can prefer an undisputed claim to them. Capt. Caulfeild attempted Ranger on the 16th of January, but here we cannot say a single word in his favour.

KING'S THEATRE.

Mrs. Billington's indisposition has occasioned a suspension of the serious opera. Signora Gerbini, however, increases in popularity, and the new ballet of *Laurette* by Mons. Gallet, with Parisot, Hillisberg, Mons. and Mad. Coralli, and the Labories, attracts very fashionable and crowded audiences. The music is by Mr. H. Smart.

A new comic opera, with Anfossi's music, called I Viaggiatori Felici, is to be produced immediately.

THE ORATORIOS.

Ashley, at Covent Garden, has no competitor; and of course he will have a profitable season. He has commenced with the Messiah, in which Miss Parke, in consequence of the Billington's illness, sang with wonderful taste and science. Braham was very impressive in the opening, "Comfort ye my people," and Bartleman distinguished himself as much as usual. Miss Munday and Miss Shipley, two provincial singers of great promise, received a hearty welcome.

Instead of the painting of Handel exhibited over the organ in former seasons, there is placed a medallion, with his profile, surmounted with the *circle* of a serpent, emblematical that his fame will have no end; the head and tail of which are supported by two angels.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Cooper, from the New York and Philadelphia theatres, is engaged at Drury Lane, at the instance of Mr. Erskine, Junr. and will shortly make his *entrée*. This gentleman appeared about eight years ago at Covent Garden, in the character of Hamlet, in which he excited considerable attention. He afterwards performed Macbeth and Lothario at the same theatre. Mrs. Johnson's return to the American stage has been greeted with an universal welcome: her popularity is as high as ever. Mrs. Merry has accepted the hand of Mr. Wignell, the manager of the New York theatre. Kemble is expected in London in the course of the present month. Much of his time has been passed on the continent, in company with Lord and Lady Holland. Barrymore continues much indisposed. Mrs. Esten is performing at Edinburgh all her principal characters, with the greatest attraction and success. It is said, that she is to have fifty guineas a night.

The theatrical community at Covent Garden has been lately much alarmed at a report that Mr. Lewis was about to quit the acting management; a report, however, that has been contradicted in the public prints. Whenever this event shall take place, we are persuaded that it will be attended with the sincere and general regret of the company. Mr. Townshend, late of Covent Garden, has accepted a liberal offer from the proprietors of Sadlers Wells, who are forming such arrangements for the opening, as cannot fail of rendering that theatre one of the most fashionable places of public resort during the ensuing summer. Incledon has renewed his engagement with Mr. Harris at £.16 per week. He has recently had permission to perform a few nights on the Bath stage, an indulgence which few performers have the good fortune to obtain.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF W. A. MOZART.

Translated from the German.

THERE seem to be men of genius created for every age, and talents that, sooner or later, vanquish every obstacle that can be opposed to their progress by malice or misfortune; though their country should become a tyrannical step-mother to them, yet foreign ones will not fail to do them justice. The life of the celebrated Mozart, who has been (by the sublimity of his music), the astonishment, as he continues to be the delight, of all Europe, owes birth to these reflections.

Can it be conceived that the court of Vienna, which generally protects fine arts, should have known so little the worth of this great man, who sought an asylum there, and spent in that city the last ten years of a life, which was, alas! too short. It is a painful reflection, that poverty has frequently been the fate of genius, and the reward of its industry in every country: but those who have the dispensation of the favours of princes, and who can pay attention to the adulation which poverty of talent bestows, and who leave in obscurity, and often become the persecutors of the man whose high mind will not stoop to degrade itself, are not less blameable, and deserving of reproof.

The following circumstances are from the "Leben Gerchichte von Mozart," or Life of Mozart, from original documents by Professor Niemtscheck.—Published at Prague 1798.

Mozart's father was chapel-master at Salzburg: his lessons for the violin had the honour of a second edition, an omen of his son's success, who was born in that city in the year 1756. At the age of three, being in the room with his sister, who was four years older, while she took lessons on the harpsichord, he used to amuse himself by sitting at the instrument, and discovering thirds, with which exercise he must have been extremely delighted, as he spent entire hours at it. Influenced by this inclination, his father taught him short airs; and the progress of his scholar far exceeded his hopes. A minuet or short song he could generally learn in half an hour, and would afterwards play it with taste and expression. As he possessed great sensibility, and organs which were susceptible of every soft impression, he acquired, even from his infancy, a habit of entirely devoting himself to those persons and things by which he was most interested; and this was frequently the cause of misfortune to him. At the age of six he had made such progress as enabled him, while playing, to compose little things which his father was obliged to write. Henceforward harmony was his sole pleasure, and he received none from his infantine sports, unless music had a share in them. His progress was not in that slow degree by which no surprise is occasioned, but was continual, and daily excited wonder. A remarkable instance of this kind is recited in Mr. Schlichtegroll's Necrology. On his father's return, he was one day found with a pen in his hand. "What are you writing?"—"A concerto for the harpsichord."—"Indeed! something extraordinary fine, no doubt: let me see it."—"I have not finished it yet." His father took the paper, and, at the first glance, could not discover any thing but a confusion of spots of ink and notes. By filling

his pen too full, and not knowing properly how to handle it, he had blotted his paper, wiped it with his hand, and written on the blots. But upon his father's examining it, he gazed at it with ecstasy, and bedewed it with his tears. "Look at this," said he to a friend who had come in with him, "what regularity and precision there is here: but it cannot be played—it is too difficult."—"It is a concerto," answered his son, "and must be practised till it can be performed:—you shall hear." He then began to play, but could make no progress; the execution of it was beyond his powers; he could not make them understand what he meant. In 1762 he was taken by his father to Munich; his sister was also of the party: here, in the presence of the elector, and to the admiration of the whole court, he performed a concerto: he afforded as much pleasure at the court of Vienna, and was called by the Emperor Francis 'the little sorcerer.' Here he began to shew that character which he ever retained, of indifference to the praises of the great, who admire what they do not understand. Once, in particular, when close to the emperor, he asked for Mr. Wagenseil, "for," says he, "he will understand me." That gentleman being present, says Mozart, "I am going to play one of your concertos, and you must turn the leaves for me." When he played before persons who were not amateurs, he always did it with indifference, and then only performed trifling airs, dances, &c.

By his father he had only been taught the harpsichord, but he had taught himself the violin, and one day surprised his father most agreeably, by offering to play the second violin, and in this he acquitted himself admirably. Impediments cannot be seen by genius. Elated with his success, he undertook to play the first, and, though he might have performed better, he executed what he had undertaken. The delicacy of his ear was such, that he could distinguish every gradation of sound, and was so fond of study, that it was frequently necessary to force him from his instrument. Nor did this assiduity afterwards diminish. He constantly spent a large portion of the day at his harpsichord, and frequently was at it till very late at night.

He had an inclination to every species of science, and in the mathematics made considerable progress. He pursued the advice of his parents with so much docility, as to render coercion unnecessary: he was of a mild, flexible disposition, and kindness itself to his companions, with whom music was the principal subject of conversation.

He undertook his first great musical journey in 1763, and was accompanied by his father and sister. Fame preceded them through all Europe. At Versailles he was heard by the court in the King's ch[illegible] performance was more admired on the organ than the harpsichord. There were two public concerts given by his family at Paris, by which they got fame, and the honours of the press. The first compositions of our Orpheus were engraved here, and dedicated to Madame Victoire, and a second set was dedicated to Madame la Comtesse de Tesse. These were sonatas for the harpsichord.

They proceeded to London, from Paris, and here they likewise gave two concerts: they consisted of the symphonies composed by young Mozart, who sung with much expression, and was accompanied by his sister, both accompanying themselves on the harpsichord. In one of these concerts his majesty was present,

and a ground bass being given him, was accompanied by young Mozart with a beautiful melody. At London he composed six sonatas, which were printed there.

This musical trio passed from London to Holland, again travelled through France, and returned home, after an absence of three years; this was in 1766.—He now took a year's repose, which he dedicated to the study of composion, and he soon became familiar with the depths of it.

Emanuel Back, Hasse, and Handell were his models and guides, but at the same time he paid particular attention to the old Italian masters.

He returned to Vienna in 1768, and was engaged by Joseph the Second, to compose a comic opera, which was entitled 'La Finta Semplice,' and which, though approved by Metastasio, was not performed. While he was with Prince Kaunitz, the first Italian ariette that came to hand was often presented to him, that he might make an accompaniment of various instruments in their presence, which he did to their great admiration.

[To be concluded next month.]

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from page 64.]

Covent-Garden—Season 1760-1.

THURSDAY, JAN 1, 1761.—*Henry V. R. of Pros.*

2.—[Not acted for four years] *Refusal*, or the *Ladies' Philosophy.* Sir Gilbert Wrangle, MACKLIN; Granger, SMITH; Frankley, Dyer; Witling, (1st app. on this stage) GIFFARD; Cook, Dunstall; Maid, Mrs. Green; Ly. Wrangle, Mrs. Pitt; Sophronia, Mrs. Vincent; Charlotte, Miss MACKLIN, in which she danced a minuet with Mr. Poictier. *L. à la Mode.*

3.—*K. John. Tho. and Sally.* 5.—*Jov. Crew. R. of Pros.* 6.—(a) *Bold Stroke for a Wife. Lethe.*

7.—*Royal Merchant.* Bertha by a GENTLEWOMAN (her 1st app.) *R. of Pros.* 8.—*B. Opera. L. Valet.* 9.—*Comus. Cath. and Pet.*

10.—*M. of Venice.* Shylock, MACKLIN; Launcelot, Shuter; Lorenzo, Mattocks; Portia, (1st time) Miss MACKLIN. *L. à la Mode.*

12.—*Jov. Crew. R. of Pros.* 13.—*Rom. and Juliet.* Paris, Mr. SUTTON (his 1st app.) *Florizel and Perdita.* 14.—*Refusal. L. à la Mode.* 15—*H. IV. R. of Pros.* 16.—*B. Body.* Miranda, Mrs. Vincent. *Tho. and Sally.* 17.—*Othello.* Emilia, Mrs. Green. *Ib.* 19.—*Jov. Crew. R. of Pros.* 20.—*Refusal. L. à la Mode.* 21.—*Comus, Knights.* 22.—*Jov. Crew. R. of Pros.* 23.—*C. Lasses.* Aura, Mrs. Vincent. *Ib.* 24.—*B. Opera. D. and no Duke.* 26.—*Jov. Crew. R. of Pros.* 27.—*Miser. Tho. and Sally.*

(a) For the benefit of a gentleman under misfortunes.

28.—[1st time] MARRIED LIBERTINE (b). Macklin (Ld. Belville, the Libertine); Davis, (Townley, his nephew), R. Smith; Buck, (Sergeant) Perry, (Corporal); Weller, (*Belville's Servant*); Miss Macklin, (Angelina); Mrs. Abegg, (Harriet); Mrs. Green, (Lucy); Mrs. Pitt, (Pert); Mrs. Ward, (Ly. Belville). Prol. and Epil. by Mr. and Miss Macklin.

(b) This play, written by Macklin, met with but little success, and has never been printed. A very strong opposition was made to it during every night of its run, which were no more than the nine necessary to entitle the author to his three benefits. Prejudice against the author seemed, however, to have been in a great measure the basis of this opposition, which, although in some measure overborne by a strong party of his countrymen, who were determined to support the play through its destined period, yet shewed itself very forcibly even to the last. I cannot, however, help thinking its fate somewhat hard; for although it must be confessed that there were many faults in the piece, yet it must also be acknowledged that there were several beauties; and, I own myself apt to believe, that, had the play made its first appearance on the Drury-Lane stage, with the advantages it might there have received from the acting, and had the author remained concealed till its fate had been determined, it might have met with as favourable a reception as some pieces which have past on the public uncensured. What perhaps might also add to the prejudice against it, was a conjecture that was spread about the town, that Mr. Macklin, in his character of Lord Belville, had a view towards that of a man of quality then living, and extremely well known; but this I imagine must have been *merely* conjecture. *Baker.*

Mr. Kirkman, in his Life of Macklin, states, that the comedy was first acted on the 30th of January, a trifling mistake, which may be corrected from our register. As the play is not in print, the following brief outline of the plot will perhaps be acceptable to our readers:

Lord Belville, a nobleman about 60 years of age, of rank, of abilities, of importance to his country, and of established honour in all the occurrences of life, is yet so overborne by, and lost in, an insatiable passion for women, that he is supposed to spare no expence, however extravagant; scruple no means, however villanous; nor consider any consequence, however fatal, in the pursuit of his darling inclination. Nor is this inclination [illegible]icular, but general and indiscriminate, for women of every rank, and every disposition; having frequently several amours of this kind on his hands at the same time, to the ruin of his fortune, his reputation, his honour, and the peace and happiness of his family. His lady, though perfectly informed of every step of his conduct, had for many years borne his behaviour with silent patience; till at length discovering that he had ruined an innocent young creature, a tenant's daughter, whom she had brought from the country, and taken under her care and protection, and that he had commenced an amour with a cousin of her own, she becomes enraged beyond sufferance at these transactions, added to a threat of a separation thrown out by her lord, on some pretty warm remonstrances which

29.—*Ib.* 31.*—*Ib.* FEB. 2.—*Ib.* *L. à la Mode.* 3.—*Ib.* 5.*—*Ib.* 7.—*Ib.* 9.—*Ib.* 10.*—*Ib.* 12.—*M. Wives.* *R. of Pros.* 14.—*C. Lovers.* *Tho. and Sally.* 16.—*Theodosius.* *R. of Pros.*

17.—[1st time for 5 years] *Wonder.* D. Felix (1st time) Ross; Col. Briton, Smith; D. Lopez, Bennet; D. Pedro, Collins; Gibby, SHUTER; Frederick, Anderson; Lissardo, Dyer; Isabella, Mrs. Burden; Flora, Mrs. Pitt; Inis, Mrs. Green; Violante, Miss MACKLIN. *T. and Sally.*

19.—*Wonder.* *L. à la Mode.* 21.—*Ib.* 23.—*Jov. Crew.* *R. of Pros.* 24.—*Wonder.* *L. à la Mode:* 26.—*M. of Venice.* *Ib.* 28.—*Refusal.* Witling, Creswick. *Ib.*

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she made to him, in her first scene with him in this play, and she is determined on some method of revenge, whereby she may be able to expose and set him forth to himself in the most ridiculous and contemptible colours, not without some hopes of bringing him to a sense of his follies, and a disposition to reform them. This is the principal, nay, indeed, the sole action of the piece. Lord Belville, after experiencing a variety of difficulties, is rendered fully sensible of the folly and baseness of his conduct, becomes entirely reclaimed, and is reconciled to his lady.

* Author's nights.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

ITALY.—Regular tragedy, or, as the French term it, "*La Tragedie parlée*," is in Italy a kind of innovation, not unworthy of remark. Hitherto the Italians disdained tragedy properly so called, and for eloquence and taste they uniformly substituted tinsel and common-place argument, sacrificing sense to sound, and reason to *sing-song*. The spell is, however, broken, and a poet of the name of VINCENT MONTI has dared to become an original.

On the 28th Nov. the tragedy of *Caius Gracchus* was performed at Milan with extraordinary success, and the young author was allowed to possess all the treasures of the imagination, with the most sublime ideas, and an astonishing vigour of sentiment: thus the "Idioma Gentil, Sonante e puro," bids fair eminently to rival the other languages of civilized Europe, on a more extensive domain.

PARIS.—THEATRE FRANÇOIS.—A new interlude, was lately performed at this theatre, entitled *Melpomene and Thalia*, or *The Festival of Apollo*, as a tribute to the memory of Molé, the deservedly regretted comedian. The fable, though light, is not uninteresting. *Melpomene* and *Thalia*, desirous of giving a *fete* in honour of *Apollo*, resolve to send *ambassadors* to the regions below, for the purpose of recruiting for their theatres; the choice falls on *Molé*—*Mercury* is dispatched by *Melpomene*, and *Momus* by *Thalia*. When the two ministers meet, they are surprised that they have been both sent on the same errand. This

circumstance affords an opportunity of bestowing a merited panegyric on the deceased performer.

A decree has been passed in France for the direction and administration of the Theatre of Arts, which contains the following, among other regulations:—the prefect of the palace is to have the superintendance of the Theatre of Arts, but without any responsibility. Under him are to be a director and administrator, who are to be responsible, and who are to be appointed by the First Consul. No new piece, no new ballet, can be performed, no new decorations can be used, without an estimate of the expence being laid before the First Consul, and approved of by him. The salaries of the performers, and other persons employed in the theatre, are to be laid before the First Consul for his approbation; and the Minister of the Interior is to appropriate fifty thousand livres a month, (about twenty-five thousand pounds a year) for the use of the theatre, &c.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—The inhabitants of this town have been much gratified with the performances of the inimitable Mr. Quick. His Scrub, Miser, Benjamin Dove, Barnaby Brittle, Doctor, (in Animal Magnetism) Justice Credulous, Sancho, &c. are all excellent pieces of acting; the rich and irresistible emanations of genuine comedy.

We are always happy, Mr. Editor, to do justice to the merits of any performer in this company, and we therefore must beg you to understand our opinion of Mrs. Dawson, in the last Mirror, as relating *solely* to her exertions in tragedy. The manager, probably from mistaking the nature of her powers, pompously introduced her under the heroic banners of Melpomene, and we were bored with the roar and thunder of tragedy—nothing but tragedy! We are happy, however, to say, that in genteel comedy she is an interesting and pleasant actress. Her Miss Hardcastle and Jacintha were much admired, and received very general and deserved approbation. Her pronunciation will admit of some trifling corrections, and we hope she will not think us too critical if we entreat her not to neglect any means of improving it.

The benefits this year, upon the whole, have been well attended, tho' we are sorry to state that Mr. and Mrs. Chambers' nights have, for these several seasons, been neglected, notwithstanding the latter, in old women, is equal, perhaps, to any performer out of London. Mr. Fox's night was very thinly attended, to what it had used to be, and Mrs. Fox had scarcely an *individual* in the boxes, and very few in the other parts of the house. The manager has certainly injured the interest of the theatre by retaining this comedian in the company, after such marked irregularity of conduct. The liberties he has taken upon the stage are most grossly insulting to the public, and such as call for the most severe and unqualified reprehension. This is not merely the opinion of an individual, but the *echo of the town*, and his recent behaviour

calls loudly, for it calls with many tongues, for a *speedy ejection*. Mrs. Gibbon has improved much upon the town lately, and her performance of several characters has deservedly rendered her a great favourite. Mr. Gibbon, likewise, is an attentive and assiduous performer, and is frequently greeted with loud and uniform approbation. We are sorry that an ill state of health should have kept so valuable an actor as Mr. Archer from the stage. The estimation in which this performer is held was evinced in his appearance in Archer, after several nights absence, when his exertions to accommodate the town, by playing with Mr. Quick's Scrub, occasioned a relapse, which, we are sorry to hear, will deprive the public of his services for the remainder of the season.

Wolverhampton, Feb. 10. CIVIS.

BIRMINGHAM *Private Theatricals*.—On Tuesday, the 1st Feb. the comedy of the Poor Gentleman, and the farce of the Spoil'd Child, were performed at our theatre, by some ladies and gentlemen of the town, aided by several of Mr. Hoy's performers, from the theatre, Wolverhampton, and Miss B. Biggs, who, in passing through the town, kindly offered her service on the occasion, (it being for the benefit of a young gentleman of the name of Jew). She performed *Miss Lucretia Mac Tab* with great spirit, and a Mr. Dawson, in the part of Ollapod, evinced great judgment and taste, and gave a very animated representation of the apothecary *à la militaire*. A Mr. Gibbon performed Lieutenant Worthington, and Mrs. Gibbon Emily. The other characters were respectably sustained.

The whole of the performance went extremely well off, and the audience testified their approbation by repeated plaudits. Every lady and gentleman performed gratis, and, after the expences of the theatre, &c. Mr. Jew will have netted 150l. of which he is well deserving, having on former occasions exerted himself, in an eminent degree, in conjunction with Messrs. Oatly, Buckton, &c. &c. in aid of the funds of the general hospital and charity schools, &c. in the years 1801 and 1802; and as we have no regular theatrical performances in the winter, it has afforded a novel and pleasing source of amusement to the inhabitants.

VERITAS.

BIRMINGHAM *Theatricals*.—The gentlemen and ladies of the *Thespian Society*, who have, on former occasions, benevolently displayed their abilities on the boards of the regular theatre, for the benefit of the General Hospital, and Blue Coat School, &c. &c. again came forward on the 10th of January, in aid of Mrs. Clutterbuck's Recitations, and performed the play of Speed the Plough, and the farce of the Devil to Pay, which went off with great spirit. Mrs. Clutterbuck has supported adversity with the same dignity she so lately did prosperity, and displayed a courage and perseverance as uncommon as praiseworthy. She played Nell, in the farce of the Devil to Pay, in a most correct and animated manner.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF COLONEL DESPARD, &c.

Colonel Despard, and six of his associates, who had been convicted of high treason, were executed on Monday morning, Feb. 21, on the top of the New Gaol in the Borough. As soon as the warrant for execution was received, on the preceding Saturday, it was communicated to the unhappy persons by the keeper of the prison, Mr. Ives, with as much tenderness and humanity as the awful nature of the case required. We believe it was expected by all—by all it was received with resignation and fortitude. Colonel Despard observed, upon its being communicated to him, that the time was short: yet he had not had, from the first, any strong expectation that the recommendation of the jury would be effectual. From the moment of his conviction, he had begun to prepare himself for the last moment that was to close all sublunary scenes upon him for ever! During the whole of the interval between the period of the passing and the executing of the sentence, he behaved with composure. Much of his time was employed in writing, some in reading, the greater part with his wife, Mrs. Despard.

Soon after the warrant was received, all papers, and every thing he possessed, were immediately taken from him. He was strictly searched, to discover whether he had any knife or means of self-destruction concealed about him, and every thing that was thought might enable him to put an end to his existence, was conveyed out of his reach. There is no reason to suppose he had the slightest design to commit suicide; but these are the usual and necessary precautionary measures. Mrs. Despard was greatly affected when she first heard that his fate was sealed; but, on Sunday, she recovered her fortitude, when, accompanied by another lady, she had a last interview with him about three o'clock. The lady wept bitterly; but first Mrs. Despard, and then the Colonel, reproached her with her weakness. Mr. and Mrs. Despard bore up with great firmness, even at the parting; and when she got into a coach, as it drove off, she waved her handkerchief out of the window. The other prisoners bore their fate with equal hardihood, but conducted themselves with less solemnity than Colonel Despard. Their wives, &c. were allowed to take farewel of them on Sunday; and the scene was extremely distressing. Five of these men attended chapel on Sunday morning, a chapel within the gaol, and for its inhabitants only. Macnamara, being a Roman Catholic, did not attend; neither did Colonel Despard, who has constantly refused the assistance of a clergyman.

Mrs. Despard, after having taken leave of her husband at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, came again about five o'clock; but it was thought advisable to spare the Colonel the pangs of a second parting, and she was therefore not admitted into the prison. She evinced some indignation at the refusal; and expressed a strong opinion with respect to the cause for which her husband was to suffer.

After Mrs. Despard had left the Colonel on Sunday afternoon, he walked up and down his cell for some time, seemingly more agitated than he had been at the period of his taking leave of his wife. Between six and seven in the evening, he threw himself on the bed, and fell into a short sleep. At

eight o'clock he awoke, and addressed one of the officers of the prison, who was with him, in these words:—"Me!—they shall receive no information from me—no—not for all the gifts, the gold, and jewels, in the possession of the crown."—He then composed himself, and remained silent. The above expressions might induce some to suppose that endeavours had been made to prevail upon him to make disclosures.

After Mrs. Despard had left the Colonel, he was visited in the evening by the gentleman who had acted as his solicitor, who came to ask him where he wished to be buried? He was silent for some minutes, and at length replied, that he believed several of his countrymen were buried at Pancras; he therefore desired to be buried there.

The clergyman of the prison, Mr. Winkworth, had several times made overtures to the Colonel to commune with him; but the Colonel always declined the clergyman's offer, politely, however, thanking him. Mr. Winkworth on Sunday repeated his request, but received the same answer. Mr. Winkworth wished him to accept a book from him, which he also declined. The Colonel, we understand, said, that he was not particularly attached to any form of religion, and that his mind was entirely made up upon religious matters.

Colonel Despard slept from three to half past four on Monday morning; the remainder of the night he passed in walking up and down his cell. The rest of the prisoners slept about two hours.

At five St. George's bell tolled, and continued tolling for about an hour.

At half past six the prison bell rang, the signal for the unlocking of the cells. Mr. Winkworth, the clergyman, and Mr. Griffith, the Roman Catholic priest, the same gentleman who attended Quigley when he was executed, came to the prison, and were immediately admitted to the prisoners.

At seven o'clock five of them, Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, and Wratten, went into the Chapel; Colonel Despard remained in his cell, and Macnamara praying in his cell with the Roman Catholic priest. The five prisoners conducted themselves with much decorum in the Chapel. They attended to the prayers with great earnestness, but at the same time without seeming to lose that firmness which they had displayed since their trial. The sacrament was then administered to them.

The service in the Chapel lasted three quarters of an hour. Before it was over Colonel Despard and Macnamara were brought down from their cells.—Their irons were [illegible] off, and their arms and hands bound with ropes. Despard walked up and down before the Chapel door, but did not enter the Chapel. Macnamara walked about in earnest conversation with the Roman Catholic priest, and with a book in his hand.

After the five had received the sacrament, they were brought out of the Chapel, and their irons were knocked off. The executioner then tied their arms and hands, in the same manner as he had before bound Colonel Despard and Macnamara.

Notice was then given to the Sheriff that they were ready. Colonel Despard, who stood the first, retired behind, and motioned to Francis, who was making way for him, to go before him. The hurdle had been previously prepared in the outer court-yard. Macnamara and Graham were first put into the

hurdle, and drawn to the lodge, where the inner gates were opened, and they were conveyed to the stair-case that leads up to the scaffold. The hurdle then returned and brought Broughton and Wrattan, then Wood and Francis. Last of all Colonel Despard was put into it alone. Macnamara seemed intent upon the book in his hand. Graham remained silent. Broughton jumped into the hurdle, smiled, and looked up to the scaffold. Wood and Francis both smiled; and all of them surveyed the awful scene with much composure.—Despard shook hands with a gentleman, as he got into the hurdle, and looked up to the scaffold with a smile.

As soon as they had all been conveyed in the hurdle to the staircase that leads to the scaffold, they were escorted up one by one.

As soon as the prisoners were placed on the hurdles, St. George's bell tolled for some time. It was about half past eight when they ascended the scaffold.

As soon as the cord was fastened round the neck of one, the second was brought up, and so on till the cords were fastened round the necks of all the seven.

Macnamara was first brought up; he still held a book in his hand, and when the cord was placed round his neck, he exclaimed, with the greatest devotion, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me. Oh! Lord, look down with pity upon me."

Graham came second. He looked pale aud ghastly, but spoke not.

Wrattan was the third; he ascended the scaffold with much firmness.

Broughton, the fourth, smiled as he ran up the scaffold stairs, but as soon as the rope was fastened round his neck, he turned pale, and smiled no more.—

Wood was the fifth, and Francis the sixth. Francis ascended the scaffold with a composure which he preserved to the last. Wood and Broughton were equally composed. Of all of them Francis was the best looking—tall, handsome, and well made. He and Wood were dressed in soldier's uniform. The rest were in coloured clothes.

Colonel Despard was brought up the last, dressed in boots, a dark brown great coat, his hair unpowdered.

The Colonel ascended the scaffold with great firmness. His countenance underwent not the slightest change, whilst the awful ceremony of fastening the rope round his neck, and placing the cap on his head, was performing. He looked at the multitude assembled with perfect calmness.

The ceremony of fastening the prisoners being finished, the Colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold, and made the following speech to the multitude:—

"Fellow citizens, I come here, as you see, after having served my country—faithfully, honourably, and usefully served it, for thirty years and upwards, to suffer death upon a scaffold, for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty. I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may be now hearing me.—But, though His Majesty's ministers know as well as I do, that I am not guilty, yet they avail themselves of a legal pretext to destroy a man, because he has been a friend to truth, to liberty, and to justice." (There was a considerable huzza from part of the populace the nearest to him, but who, from the height of the scaffold from the ground, could not, we are sure, distinctly hear

what was said.) The Colonel proceeded :—" Because he has been a friend to the poor, and the oppressed. But, citizens, I hope and trust, notwithstanding my fate, and the fate of those who, no doubt, will soon follow me, that the principles of freedom, of humanity, and of justice, will finally triumph over falshood, tyranny, and delusion, and every principle hostile to the interests of the human race.—And now, having said this, I have little more to add." (The Colonel's voice seemed to falter a little here. He paused a moment as if he had meant to say something more, but had forgotten it. He then concluded in the following manner)—" I have little more to add, except to wish you all health, happiness, and freedom, which I have endeavoured, as far as was in my power, to procure for you, and for mankind in general."

The Colonel spoke in a firm and audible tone of voice. As soon as he had ceased speaking, the clergyman prayed with five of the prisoners. Macnamara prayed earnestly with the clergyman of his own persuasion. Despard surveyed the populace, and made a short answer, which we could not hear, to some few words addressed to him by Francis, who was next him.

The clergyman now shook hands with each of them. Colonel Despard bowed, and seemed to thank him as he shook hands with him. The executioners pulled the caps over the faces of the unhappy persons, and descended the scaffold.—Most of them exclaimed, " Lord Jesus receive our souls!"

The lsat and most dreadful part of the ceremony was now to be performed.—The most awful silence prevailed, and the thousands present all with one accord stood uncovered.

At seven minutes before nine o'clock the signal was given, the platford dropped, and they were all launched into eternity!

Col. Despard had not one struggle: twice he opened and clenched his hands together convulsively: he stirred no more.

Macnamara, Graham, Wood, and Wrattan were motionless after a few struggles.

Broughton and Francis struggled violently for some moments after all the rest were without motion. The executioner pulled their legs to put an end to their pain more speedily.

After hanging about half an hour, till they were quite dead, they were cut down. Colonel Despard was first cut down, his body placed upon saw-dust, and his head on a block. After his coat had been taken off, his head was severed from the body, by persons engaged on purpose to perform that ceremony. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and carrying it to the edge of the parapet, on the right hand, held it up to the view of the populace, and exclaimed,

" This is the head of a traitor—Edward Marcus Despard."

The same ceremony was performed at the parapet on the left hand. There was some hooting and hissing when the Colonel's head was exhibited.

The Colonel's body was now put into the shell that had been prepared for it.

The other prisoners were then cut down, their heads severed from their bodies, and exhibited to the populace with the same exclamation of—" This is the head of another traitor."

The bodies were then put into their different shells, and are to be delivered to their friends for interment.

SEBASTIANI'S DESCRIPTION OF DJEZAR PACHA.—I stopped at the residence of the Commissary for the Republic of the Seven Isles. Immediately afterwards the Drogoman of the Pacha, informed of my arrival, came to conduct me to Djezar, who received me in an apartment where he was alone, and where there was no other furniture than a carpet. He had beside him a four-barrelled pistol, a carbine, a sabre, and an ax. After satisfying his enquiries after my health, he asked me, "if I was well assured, that when our knell is rung in heaven, it is possible to change our destiny?" my answer was, "that I believed as he did in fate." He continued to speak a long time in that strain—and I saw that he affected an extreme simplicity, and that he wished to pass for a man of wit—and, what was more, for a man of integrity. He repeated to me several times, "It is said that Djezar is a barbarian:—he is but just and severe. Intreat the First Consul," added he, "not to send to me, as a Commissary of Commercial Relations, a blind man or a cripple, because the world would not scruple to say, it is Djezar who reduced him to that state." In a minute afterwards, he said to me again, "I desire that the Commissary you are to send, may establish himself at Seid; because that is the principal commercial part of my dominions. That Agent will not be necessary in this place, where I shall be myself the Commissary for France, and where your countrymen shall meet the most amicable reception. I have great esteem for the French. Bonaparte is small in stature, but he is the greatest of men: I also know that he is much regretted at Cairo, and that they wish to have him there again."

I said to him a few words on the peace between France and the Sublime Porte, and he answered me—"Do you know why I have received you, and why I have pleasure in seeing you?—It is because you came without a Firman, I disregard the orders of the Divan; and I have the most profound contempt for its stupid Vizier. They say Djezar is a Bosnian, a man of no account—a cruel being: but, in the mean time, I do not want them, though they seek me. I was born poor; my father bequeathed me nothing but his courage. I have raised myself by dint of exertion, but that has not rendered me proud: for every thing will have an end, and to-day, or perhaps to-morrow, Djezar himself may be no more; not that he is old, as his enemies say," (and at the same time brandished his arms in the manner of the Mamelukes, which he did with singular agility), "but because God hath so ordered it. The King of France, who was powerful, has perished; Nebuchadnezzar, the greatest amongst the monarchs of his time, was killed by a gnat."

He spoke many sentences of the same kind, and detailed to me the motives which had decided him to make war against the French armies. In the whole of this discourse, I remarked the pleasure with which he desired to be reconciled to the First Consul, and dreaded his anger.

This is the apologue of which he availed himself, to shew me the reasons which had forced him to resistance—"A Negro slave," said he to me, "after a long journey, wherein he had suffered all manner of privations, arrived in a plantation of sugar-canes. He stopped to refresh himself with that delicious juice, and determined to take up his abode in that field. A minute afterwards, as two travellers passed, who had followed him, the first said to him, 'Salomec.'—(Health be with you.) 'The devil take you,' answered the black slave. The second traveller then approached, and demanded why he gave so wicked an answer

to so kind a salutation? 'I have good reasons for it,' replied he. 'If my answer had been friendly, that man, who has accosted me, would have seated himself near me, and would have taken part of my food; he would have found it good, and he would have striven to obtain the exclusive possession.'"

I have recommended the care of the Christians to Djezar, and particularly the convents of Nazareth and Jerusalem. He has assured me that he will treat them with great attention. Djezar has assured me at different times that his word is as valid as any treaty.—Our conversation was interrupted for some minutes by very agreeable military music, which he caused to be struck up.

His palace is built with great taste and elegance: but in order to get at the apartments, one must pass through an infinite number of winding passages; at the bottom of the staircase is the prison, the door of which is always open from noon till evening. As I passed along, I beheld a crowd of unhappy persons crammed together there. In the court-yard are twelve field-pieces, with their ammunition-cases, in good order. I never beheld a more hideous nor disgusting spectacle than that which was exhibited by the Minister of Djezar, whom I met as I was going away. The Pacha had caused one of his eyes to be pulled out, and his ears and nose to be cut off. I saw in the city more than one hundred persons in the same condition. On seeing domestics of Djezar, and even the inhabitants of Acre, a man imagines himself in a den of robbers, who are ready to assassinate him. That monster has stamped the seal of his atrocious character on every thing that surrounds him.

We have to announce to the lovers of antiques, that an ancient stone pillar, in a high state of preservation, was found, a few weeks ago, in the bed of Artlebeck, at Caton, four miles from Lancaster. It is about eight feet high, and bears an inscription dedicatory to the Emperor Adrian, the concluding line of which is not perfectly legible; but we are led to suppose, that it is in the usual style of Roman military stones. The circumstance of finding this pillar confirms the supposition of the Roman Military Way having passed through Lancaster (the Longovicum of the Romans), to Bremetonanæ, the Over-burrow of our day.

The Fine Arts have received an excellent auxiliary by the discovery of a multiplying process, which is to be distinguished by the title of *Lainography*; which, by making any drawing on a plain-faced piece of stone or marble, merely with a pen and liquid ink, resembling Indian-ink, or with a composition not unlike French or Italian chalk, any number of impressions may be taken off by an easy method, as correctly and fully as the original, in the course of a few minutes, or a proportionate time. This invention has already undergone the investigation, and met with the admiration and approbation of the first artists of the Royal Academy.

Cambridge, Jan. 23.—The Vice Chancellor has appointed the following subjects for Sir Wm. Browne's prizes for the present year.—For the odes, *Helvetiorum Luctus, et Querimonia.* For the epigram, *Ex nihilo fit Rusticus.*

The innkeeper who was lately taken into custody at Deal, on suspicion of having committed a murder in Lincolnshire about twelve years ago, has been liberated. Three persons from the place where the murder was committed, have been there, and affirm that he is not the man who absconded about that period.

MURDER.—On Saturday, January 22, a cool, deliberate, and horrid murder was perpetrated in Greenwich hospital, upon one of the pensioners by another, the circumstances of which were as follow:—The perpetrator, who had been some years a pensioner, was of a disposition so violent and quarrelsome, as to render himself very obnoxious to his associates, and became so extremely troublesome, in this respect, at the public houses in the town to which he was in the habit of resorting, that, for a considerable time past, none of them would admit or entertain him. About a month since, he had been guilty of some gross breach of duty within the college, for which he was brought before the board of commissioners, upon the charge of a fellow pensioner, who acted in the capacity of a boatswain, and the fact being substantiated, he was mulcted of two months pocket-money, and severely reprimanded, but without any further disgrace.—This, however, was sufficient to exasperate him to vengeance against his accuser, and another, his birth-mate, who had corroborated his testimony, and on the night mentioned, he determined to carry his purpose into execution. He went in the dead hour of the night into the cabin or apartment of the deceased, who was alone, and wrapped in sleep, and with a large poker, at a single blow, he literally beat out his brains, and killed him so instantaneously, that he never uttered a single groan. Fortunately for his bedfellow, for whom a similar fate was intended, he had obtained permission to sleep out of the hospital for that night with his family. The murderer then went into the next birth, where an aged pensioner was in bed, and minutely examined whether he was asleep, lest he might have heard any thing of what had just passed. The man, who heard the blow, and expected every moment a similar fate, lay still as if fast asleep; but on the murderer having left him, and retired to his own cabin, the man immediately got up and alarmed the guard, a party of whom directly came to the place and secured the murderer, after a stout and desperate resistance. Monday morning the coroner's jury returned their verdict of wilful murder on the body of the deceased, and the perpetrator was committed to Maidstone gaol; but so far was he from evincing any signs of remorse for the deed, that he only declared his regret at not having the opportunity of killing the other man, who had so fortunately eluded his desperate purpose.

The following whimsical fact took place in Paris a short time since:—Madame Simon, lately a celebrated actress, and now the wedded wife of one of the most opulent *Parvenus* in the capital, sent for an eminent artist, and told him she would give a hundred louis d'ors for her perfect likeness; the painter promised he would pay becoming attention to the order, and exert his best faculties to give satisfaction. He succeeded even beyond his own expectations, and sent the highly finished portrait home: it however happened that, when the correct copy was handed to the original, she was surrounded by a swarm of loungers, who took a malicious pleasure in repeating that the portrait was not at all like her——"No (says one to her) though it may be a very good likeness of your deceased grandmother. Another added, "that a stupid and unmeaning look could never be a substitute for vivacity and expression of countenance." A third *petit maitre* exclaimed, instead of a mouth, he has delineated an oven, and for roseate, he has given you livid lips." A fourth swore that, "instead of animated eyes, the dauber had made apertures, resembling two burnt holes in a

carpet." A fifth was going to offer his critique, when the enraged beauty rang for a *laquais*, to whom she gave the portrait and 50 louis, with orders to tell the unfortunate painter, that if the sum she sent did not satisfy him, he might keep the picture. The artist, astonished, told the footman to wait while he wrote a line to his mistress, which he did as follows: "*Madame, partageons in difference;*" or, in familiar English, "let us *split* the difference." What then must have been the surprise of Madame Simon, when on opening the note (not a *billet doux!*) she found one half of the portrait, and then learned from the domestic, that Monsieur G——— had put the 50 louis into his pocket.

BIRTH.

At Mulgrave Castle, the Right Hon. Lady Mulgrave, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At St. George's church, Hanover-Square, Major General Gent, to Miss Temple French. By special licence, at the Earl of Jersey's, in Stratford-Place, by the Rev. Egerton Robert Neve, John Ponsonby, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Fanny Villiers. Lately, in the Isle of Wight, J. P. Murray, Esq. M. P. for Yarmouth, only son of the late Hon. General J. Murray, to Miss Rushworth, eldest daughter of E. Rushworth, Esq. of Freshwater House, and grand-daughter of Lord Holmes.

DIED.

The 2d Jan. at Kirk-Christ Lezevre, in the Isle of Man, (of which he had been vicar nearly thirty years), the Rev. Thomas Corlette, who, in the year 1765, was, from his competency in the Manks language, appointed corrector of the press, and sent to London to superintend the printing of the first edition of the Manks Common Prayer Book, and of the Gospels and the Acts of Apostles. In St. John's Street, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Wemyss, widow of the late Hon. James Wemyss, and sister to William late Earl of Sutherland. Margaret Clergue, ci devant member of the convent of St. Clair, in the city of Toulouse, at the age of 106. She had been confined to her bed for many years, and for the last two years totally deaf. Her hair continued to her death of the finest jet black, and scarce a wrinkle deformed her countenance. She had been a perfect beauty in her youth. Lately, in Austria, at the age of 103, a man who served under Prince Eugene, in all his campaigns, in the regiment which bore the name of that great general. He subsisted afterwards by his exertions as a day-labourer, until the age of 97, and died at last without having been afflicted with sickness or pain. Mrs. Towers, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Towers. In Grosvenor Place, Mrs. Long, sister to the late and aunt to the present Sir James Tylney Long, Bart. The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, widow of the late M. Henniker, Esq. second son of Lord Henniker. Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Manners, of the 96th regiment. Thomas Simmonds, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Cripplegate Without.